

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXIII—NUMBER 35.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

GRANGE NEWS

FRANKLIN GRANGE
Franklin Grange held an all day meeting Saturday, Jan. 5. In the forenoon the retiring Master, H. H. Cushman, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Ned I. Swan, installed the following officers:
Master—Dana O. Dudley.
Overseer—Claude Cushman.
Lecturer—Mrs. Martha K. Dudley.
Steward—Herbert Ring.
Asst. Steward—Ellis Davis.
Chaplain—Mrs. Emily Felt.
Treasurer—Leon Cushman.
Secretary—G. W. Q. Perham.
Gate Keeper—Ned Lovejoy.
Cores—Mrs. Annie Bryant.
Pomona—Mrs. Mildred Wheeler.
Flora—Mrs. Ida Farnum.
L. A. Steward—Florence Chapman.
Chorister—Mrs. Anna Davis.
Librarian—Mrs. Edie Peverley.
Care of Dining Room—
Mrs. Minnie Cushman.

In the afternoon the following program was given:
American, sung by all.
Reading, encore, Miss Blondell.
Piano Solo, Rowena Ring.
Essay, Mrs. Edith Abbott.
Solo, Mrs. Bertha Lovejoy.
Reading, Edith Littlehale.
Piano Trio, Mrs. Carrie Dunham, Roseena Ring, Miss Blondell.
Illustrated Reading, Mrs. Bertha Lovejoy.
Remarks by H. H. Cushman and others.
An interesting talk about Red Cross work by Mrs. Ada Swan and Mrs. Eva Titus.

PARIS GRANGE
Paris Grange met Jan. 5 at 10.30 a. m. to observe Sister Day. The following were the officers for the day:
Master, Annie W. Dudley; Overseer, Edith P. Thayer; Steward, Georgia A. Judd; A. Steward, Rose Brooks; Lecturer, Gertrude Twitcheil; Chaplain, Ada King; Treasurer, Minnie Edwards; Secretary, Lucy A. Edwards; Gate Keeper, Ellen Ames; Cores, Nellie Mason; Flora, Eva Records; Chorister, Flora Brooks. Three candidates were elected to membership and three applications were received. It was voted to serve a dinner for the N. E. M. P. Association, Jan. 19, free to the members of the association. After a short recess the installation was taken. Bro. C. O. Purinton, State Lecturer, acted as installing officer assisted by the Lecturer of Norway Grange, Mrs. Grover. They conducted the ceremony in a very impressive way. The following was the program of the afternoon: Song, Star Spangled Banner; Address of Welcome, Mrs. W. Dudley; Responded to by Bro. Purinton; Grange Gazette, Gertrude Twitcheil; Reading, Sister Grover; Question, Resolved that woman's work is more nerve racking than man's work, was discussed by several members; A farce was presented by several sisters, entitled Not a Man in the House; Piano duet, Flora and Laura Brooks, closed the program. Bro. Alvin G. Maxin was reported on the sick list. Next meeting will be held Jan. 19 at 1.30 p. m.

INSTALLATION OF SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE
Members of Sunset Rebekah Lodge spent a very pleasant evening at their lodge rooms on Monday evening. At 6.15 about 50 members enjoyed a most excellent supper in the dining room, after which occurred the exercises of installation which were conducted by D. D. P., Gertrude W. Libby and G. M. Ada Libby of Norway, with their suite of grand officers selected from Sunset Rebekah Lodge as follows: Grand Warden, Addie Ramsell; Grand Recording Secretary, Eva B. Fox; Grand Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Susan G. Edwards; Grand Chaplain, Fannie B. Lovejoy.
The officers are as follows:
N. O.—Ida Packard.
V. O.—Edith Philbrook.
Sec. Sec.—Anna French.
Fin. Sec.—Emily Forbes.
Treas.—Cleo Russell.
Chap.—Addie Ramsell.
R. S. N. O.—Fannie B. Lovejoy.
L. S. N. O.—Hazel Douglas.
Warden—Gertrude Libby.
Conductor—Edith Philbrook.
I. O.—Doris Frost.
G. O.—Alice Littlehale.
After the conclusion of installation the following program was enjoyed:
Musical selection on piano player, Star Spangled Banner with Leslie Cushman at the piano and all members standing.
Vocal Solo, Mena Martyn.
Doris Frost, accompanist.
Doris Frost, Mena Martyn, Leslie Cushman by D. D. P., and G. M.
Vocal Solo, Mrs. L. H. Wright.
Mena Martyn, accompanist.
Doris Frost, Mena Martyn, Leslie Cushman.

AMT. TAX CHARGES
\$23.50 \$2.00
6.88 2.00
141.00 2.00
7.05 2.00

AMT. TAX CHARGES
\$5.50 \$1.00

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SCHOOL NOTES

GREENWOOD CITY
Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, Cedar League held a regular meeting at Greenwood City schoolhouse. In spite of the cold about thirty of the forty-eight members were present. The V. P., Master Kenneth Cole, presided at the meeting in a very creditable manner. Mrs. Charles Swan and Mrs. Raymond Swan gave a very pleasing musical program after which games were played by the whole company. The special feature was a set of bean bags with which were played many jolly and exciting games. It was voted to have a five cent party at the next meeting. Miss Doris Cole won the prize for being the first in Greenwood City school to learn and recite all the verses of America.

To the Editor of the Citizen:
Having heard that some people are wondering whether I am a German, I beg the opportunity of saying that I am not; nor am I of German descent, or sympathy; nor do I come from the Pennsylvania Dutch. I am as much an American as anyone except those whose families were here before 1071, for our family was here at that time; I am of Holland descent, the family name being taken from the name of the town, Bunneshoten, at the southernmost point of the Zuider Zee, to be found on any world's atlas showing small towns; my sympathy is that Germany gets beaten to a Rooseveltian "fuzzie"; my terms would be the same as those General Grant gave General Lee, for with anything but a thorough feeling, Germany will certainly, in my opinion, at the end of this war, unless her government is overthrown, immediately start to prepare for another war of conquest, and next time it will not be as unrelenting in starting it; now is the time to put a quibus to the slogan, "Deutschland über alles."

Our first known representative in this country lived at Kingston, on the Hudson, with the name Theunis Eliassen Van Bunschoten, the "Van" meaning "from." In his comic "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Washington Irving, describing the soldiers getting ready for a great expedition, says, "then the Van Bunschotens, of Nyack and Hakklat, who were the first that ever did kick with the left foot; they were gallant bushwackers and hunters of racoons by moonlight." (Book VI, Ch. IV, p. 187, of the volume in the Bethel village library. It is one of the funniest books in print; open it any where and begin to laugh.)

The name was later softened to Van Benschoten, a representative being William H. Van Benschoten, 46 Cedar St., New York, who was one of Mr. Roosevelt's lawyers in his two famous law suits.
One of the Van Benschotens, moving to Pennsylvania, dropped the "Van," and changed the rest of the name, becoming the founder of the Benschotens. My father, Crawford L. Benschoten, now dead, was born on a farm back of Shickshinny, south of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He enlisted in the 143rd Regiment, Penna. Volunteers, in the Civil War, serving in the Wilderness campaign, and remaining in service until the close of the war. He entered the ministry of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving 35 years; information about him, or his family, can undoubtedly be secured from the conference secretary, the Rev. E. R. Heckman, Altoona, Pa.
I spent my boyhood and youth in Pennsylvania, attending schools there, and then attended Harvard. I have worked in business positions and in the teaching profession in the Middle and New England States. Am a member of the Sons of Veterans of Lowell, Mass., the camp hall being at 237 Central St. I do not know any more about Germany than anyone else of my line of experience, and have never been nearer Germany than Castine, Maine.
I prefer New England to the Middle States because I like its greater breadth, and freedom of thought, and because I prefer to go to its colleges and work in its schools.
It is practically impossible for a person inexperienced in superintendence work to get a position in the southern tier of New England states. Vermont had its superintendence force reorganized two years ago. I have held a New Hampshire superintendence certificate for over a year and a half, but opening there was rare. Knowing Maine was to have openings for a considerable number of new superintendents because of its new law, which goes into full effect July 1, I came up to this state last summer, attended the summer school at Castine, took an examination, and was elected.

(Continued on page 5)

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH
Morning service at 10.45. Sunday School at 12. Evening meeting at 7. Subject of the sermon next Sunday, "The Great Helpers of the World." The meeting of the Y. M. U. A. last Monday evening was well attended. An application for membership was received. The entertainment committee reported over \$2 as the net proceeds of their last social assembly. This applies on the pledge for the Japan mission. The executive committee have in mind other entertainments during the winter.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Choir rehearsal with Mrs. Mansfield this Wednesday evening at 7.30. Sunday: Morning worship at 10.45. Subject of sermon, "How Can We Best Help Win the War." Service in the church, not the chapel, unless in the very cold. Sunday school at 12. Christ's Endeavor service at 7 o'clock. Topic, "Young Christians Reaching Upward." Robert Hastings, leader. The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. F. B. Tuell, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH
M. E. church Sunday services: Morning worship at 10.45, sermon by the pastor; subject, "God's Kind of Forgiveness." Sunday School at 12. Men's class meeting in the regular class room. Junior League at 3 under the direction of Miss Minnie Capen. Epworth League at 7. Evening service at 7.30 with short address by the pastor. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7.30. The Ladies' Aid will meet with Miss Mary Cummings, Thursday afternoon at 2.30.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Frank Randall; vice president, Mrs. F. J. Tibbets; secretary, Mrs. Marian Wheeler; treasurer, Mrs. Horace Annas; work committee, Mrs. Alanson Tyler, Mrs. F. J. Tibbets, Mrs. Davis Lovejoy.

GOULD'S ACADEMY

Gould's second team defeated Norway High second team, Friday evening 14 to 9.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting will be held this week by Rev. H. S. Trueman. His topic will be, "Looking Ahead."

The Y. W. C. A. meeting will be led by Miss Alma Cheney. Her topic will be, "Seeking Worth While Things."

Next Friday evening Gould's will play South Paris High school. The proceeds from this game will be given to the Red Cross.

The Academy basketball team defeated Norway High school, 24 to 19, last Friday evening in the G. A. gymnasium.

GOULD'S
Goals Goals Total
Hanscom, H., 5 0 10
Bryant, J., 3 0 12
Barlett, C., 1 0 2
Brooks, J., 0 0 0
Hall, J., 0 0 0
Totals, 9 0 24

NORWAY
Goals Goals Total
Kilala, H., 4 0 14
Decateau, J., 1 0 2
Fletcher, C., 0 0 0
Marker, J., 0 0 0
Rione, J., 0 0 0
Totals, 5 0 18

WAR-SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

The following have been appointed as local directors for Oxford County in the War-Savings Campaign:
C. B. Newton, Andover, Me.
Elmer C. Park, Bethel, Me.
E. G. Giles, Brunswick, Me.
Chester H. Tuttle, Buckfield, Me.
O. H. Ladd, Byron, Me.
Dr. F. W. Merce, Canton, Me.
C. E. Cobb, Denmark, Me.
Fred Smith, Dixfield, Me.
R. H. Hastings, Fryeburg, Me.
F. B. Coffin, Gilead, Me.
J. O. Douglass, Griffin, Me.
Arthur H. Stowell, Greenwood, Me.
Arthur G. Howe, Haverhill, Me.
Milton A. Luce, Hartford, Me.
Prof. Ernest Martiner, Hebron, Me.
H. M. Burbank, Hiram, Me.
M. W. Stearns, Lovell, Me.
S. J. Osney, Mexico, Me.
L. E. Wright, Newry, Me.
Judge Wm. F. Jones, Norway, Me.
Dr. E. B. Holden, Oxford, Me.
Walter L. Gray, Paris, Me.
Mrs. M. F. Robinson, Peru, Me.
O. L. Stanley, Porter, Me.
John Reed, Roxbury, Me.

WILFRED T. FOSTER WRITES FROM THE WAR FRONT

The boom of big guns and the tenacity of miles of yellow mud did not interfere with the big Thanksgiving dinner and the foot-ball game of the men of the 101st U. S. Infantry in France. Mr. Clifford O. Foster of Somerville, Mass., has received several letters from his son who is "over there" at the fighting front. One reads as follows:
Somewhere in France,
Dec. 29th, 1917.

Dear Pa:
Received your letter a few days ago and of course was very glad to hear from you. As I have some spare time now will try and answer a few letters I owe. I am in the best of health and O. K. in every way.

We have just had our Thanksgiving dinner and it was an excellent one too. I feel much better sitting than I do standing just now. This morning we had a foot ball game and defeated the 101st Engineers 3 to 0. I am writing this at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters. And I cannot speak too highly of their excellent work here at the front. I attend their church every Sunday and week evenings when I can. Was awfully glad you came to see me at Framingham that morning with the others in the auto, for I did not know that we were then leaving there for England and then to the war front in France.

I may not be able to write you very often or very long letters either, but will do the best I can under the circumstances. I have taken out the maximum Government Soldiers Insurance, also two Liberty Bonds.

I received the Bethel paper and enjoyed reading every word of it. Pa, do send it often as you can. Always address me as follows: 101st U. S. Infantry, Co. I, American Expeditionary Forces.

With regards to all my friends there. Love to you both and a Happy New Year.

Young Foster was a former Bethel boy and student of Gould's Academy and is a graduate of the Highland School of Somerville, Mass. He saw service on the border and was on night patrol duty the time of the attack from the Mexicans when four American soldiers were killed. He was appointed to a clerkship with Captain Lee for Co. I, and after returning from Mexico was mustered into the 101st U. S. Infantry and with his company sometime in September embarked in secrecy to Foulton, from dark trains to silent ships that fade into the East—off in the night to France and War.

AMERICAN SOLDIER'S FAREWELL
Tune, "America, the Beautiful."
Goodbye, Goodbye, America,
And all we love at home,
We go to fight for what is right,
That we did not care to roam;
The stars and stripes must wave o'er all
That's best on land and sea;
May God send universal peace,
To all humanity.
Goodbye, Goodbye, America,
We go to fight for thee.

We think our country is the best,
We stand for all that's grand;
Freedom of thought and nobler lives
In this and a foreign land,
We march with banner flying high
And keep step with all that's true,
Then here's to those we leave at home,
Our hearts remain with you.
Goodbye, Goodbye, America,
To you we will be true.

J. J. Osney, Rumford, Me.
J. Melvin Bartlett, Stenhouse, Me.
R. G. Stevens, Sumner, Me.
J. O. Douglass, Upton, Me.
Clarence E. Cole, Woodstock, Me.
Frederick R. Dyer,
County Director, War-Savings.

The following is the result of Class Scales in Oxford County in the first list of 1683 cases acted upon by the Board:

Class I, 414
Class II, 97
Class III, 20
Class IV, 494
Class V, 163

It is understood that a number of these Class I men are so classed arbitrarily by force of Rule XXVII of the Selective Service Regulations. This Rule provides that where there is but one claim for Deferred Classification and that single claim is based upon Agriculture or Industry the Local Board arbitrarily places the Registrant in Class I.

RED CROSS NOTES

With the advice of the executive committee of the Red Cross Auxiliary the following statement concerning the work of the department of surgical dressings is submitted to the public. During the summer the only work in this department was in bandage rolling, now discontinued because bandages can be rolled more cheaply in factories and chapters and auxiliaries are no longer asked to send them. In the fall came an urgent demand for gauze dressings.

During the month of November the work was on the first, simplest, but also most generally needed, compress. A shipment of 2380 4in. by 4in. was made that month.

In December the more difficult foldings were begun. The work was somewhat broken into from various causes, but the shipment of 2060 4in. by 4in. compresses, 200 9in. by 9in., 200 gauze strips 3in. by 5in. and 200 gauze sponges was made.

We are asked to send to headquarters an estimate of the amount that can be depended upon from us monthly. It seems to us that 3000 dressings is a responsible estimate for the monthly output for an auxiliary of this size.

The Director has thought it would be well to submit to the generous public upon which it depends for support a statement of the exact cost of the work per month, which at present prices is as follows:

2000 4in. by 4in. compresses @ \$30.00
500 gauze strips @ 2c each, 10.00
400 9in. by 9in. @ 3c each, 12.00
Wrappers of new unbleached cotton averaging 4c each, 5.80
\$57.80

There is a small but important gauze sponge made from waste pieces of gauze containing no expense but wrappings, 400 of those cost 40c, which makes the whole expense per month \$58.20.

If that seems too large an allowance for this very important branch of the work will members of the Red Cross or others interested make their opinions individually known to the Chairman and the work will be modified to meet the wishes of a majority.

This department is now effectively organized with a large corps of efficient and enthusiastic workers. The need for the dressings is appalling, and it is hoped that the expense will be considered a justifiable one. Of course more work than this could be done on an emergency call, or if the expense could be met.

In a private letter just received from a gentleman among us of widespread charities says: "Nothing appeals to people like the Red Cross, nothing should appeal." It is words like these that put heart into the unselfish workers of the last six months and encourage them to go on with the determination to make their little part of the great work better than before.

Report of Treasurer Bethel Auxiliary at large:
Balance on hand as reported Nov. 1st, \$161.23
Nov. 5, received from Brown Relief Corps, \$20.70
Donations, (Mrs. Park has list), \$9.35
Donations, various sources, 4.25
Nov. 8, Eastern Star, 6.00
Westcott Club, 3.55
Nov. 14, Mrs. O. M. Mason, 1.50
Hark & Ladd Co., 1.50
Nov. 17, Military Whist, 12.54
Dec. 3, Red Cross Dance, 18.90
Dec. 4, Junior Workers of W. Bethel, 5.00
Dec. 18, Miss Pratt, 1.00
Mr. D. S. Hastings, 1.00
Dec. 29, Moving Pictures, \$1.70
Dec. 29, Mrs. Gentry, 5.57
Mrs. Gentry, 1.08
Jan. 5, Mrs. A. E. Herrick, 5.00

\$218.92
\$233.15

CREDIT.
By order, paid for as per cancelled checks and receipted in votes on file, \$359.92
Balance in hands of Treasurer, \$133.23
Jan. 4, 1918.

Irving L. Carver, Treasurer.
We have bill from Ceylon News & Son, \$18.08
Irving L. Carver, 20.00
Red Cross Supply, 42.00
\$80.08
Since Sept. 1, 1917, there have been sent from this Auxiliary 480 4in. bandages, 287 3in. bandages, 11 long knit bandages, 4 No. 1 eye bandages, 41

WANT COLUMN.

Put your Want and Sale notices here and they will be read in 3,000 Oxford County homes—4 lines, 1 week, 25c. 3 weeks 50c.

NOTICE.

I wish to announce to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I am prepared to do all kinds of plumbing and repair work at a reasonable price, also sheet metal work. All work carefully and promptly attended to.

ALBERT DURKE, Bethel, Maine.

Telephones—Shop, 19-12; Res., 12-6.

FURNISHED ROOMS

AUTO AND TEAM CONVEYANCE

C. O. BRYANT, Bethel, Maine.

2 Mechanic Street, Telephone Connection.

H. E. LITTLEFIELD, AUTO AND HORSE LIVERY.

Day or Night Service, Bethel, Maine.

Telephones

DR. AUSTIN TENNEY, Oculist.

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and the fitting of Glasses. Office at house of Clarence Hall, Bethel. Will be at Bethel the last Saturday of every month.

FELT SHOES

MOCCASINS

ELKSKIN MOCCASINS

and all kinds of warm footwear for men, women and children.

Snow Shoe Sandals

YOUNG'S SHOE STORE

Phone 14-4.

BUY WHERE YOU CAN SAVE.

Codfish Tablets, 1 lb., 19c
Ivory Salt, 9c
Coburn's Mustard, 9c
Dried Peas, Baking, qt., 23c
Graham, 5 lb. bag, 38c
O. K. Baking Powder, 10c
Rice, 1 lb., 9c

Cabbage, lb., 4 1-4

Carrots, lb., 4 1-4

Grapes, 3 for 25c

BETHEL FRUIT STORE.

Watch for prices every week.

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING

ROSCOE ANDREWS

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(monthly, \$1.50)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(weekly, \$1.50)

THE COUNTRY OUTFITMAN

(weekly, \$1.50)

CARL L. BROWN

Subscription Representative, Bethel, Me.

A NEW YEAR'S TRIBUTE TO DR. AND MRS. GRIMING.

THE SUNSHINE HOUSE.

O the Sunshine House at the top of the hill,

Where whispering pines their voices hide,

Where the sunshine glints on the nut brown leaves

And your woodman's axe means health and ease.

O the Sunshine House at the top of the hill,

Christ's "Peace on Earth" be with it till

We gather at last in that home above,

Where rafters are hewn from God's forest of love,

In God's House of Sunshine when our work is done

And our life there begins.

O the Sunshine House at the top of the hill

M. R. Merrill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY FRED B. MERRILL.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Subscription \$1.50 per year in advance. If not paid in advance \$2.00 will be charged.

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1904 at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918.

NORWAY

Next Tuesday forenoon at 10 o'clock, the fruit growers in this section will meet at Norway Grange Hall to see what can be done towards forming a Fruit Growers Association, and every person interested in this vital subject is requested to be present.

The funeral of Abner J. Nevers was held at his home at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. H. L. Nichols, pastor of the Methodist church officiating. The services were in charge of the Macon's, and a large delegation was present from this order and from the G. A. R. A profusion of flowers showed the esteem in which Mr. Nevers was held. The bearers were two sons, Percy N. Nevers and Dr. Harry H. Nevers of Lawrence, Mass.; three sons-in-law, L. H. Cushman, W. H. Young and Howard H. Moring; a grandson, Roland Nevers.

Interment was in Pine Grove cemetery. Mr. Nevers' death occurred Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock at his home on Main street. A year ago he suffered a slight shock, when he was obliged to give up active business. Mr. Nevers was a native of Sweden, born July 19, 1843, the son of William Nevers, Jr., and Hannah Holden Nevers.

When 14 years of age he enlisted in the 17th Maine Regiment, Company B, at the outbreak of the war, and he remained in service until the end, when he received his discharge. Mr. Nevers was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sarah Perkins of Mechanic Falls, who lived but a few years, and died leaving a small child, Elizabeth, now the wife of W. H. Young of Bethel. His second wife was Miss Helen Hill of Paris, who survives with two sons and two daughters, Grace, the wife of Edward H. Cushman, Norway; Percy H. Nevers, of Norway; Dr. Harry H. Nevers, of Lawrence, Mass., who was recently discharged from the U. S. Army, having been major in the 8th Maine Infantry and laureate, wife of Hon. and Mr. Magnus of Norway. The daughter, Mrs. Young and Mr. Nevers arrived Friday. Mr. Nevers was a member of Oxford Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., and of Harry Hall, No. 21, B. O. E. His immediate family to be arrived by car later. Mrs. Phoebe Maxwell of Gardiner, who is spending the winter in Massachusetts with her daughter.

The funeral of Mr. Nevers was held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Young, at 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon. The services were in charge of the Macon's, and a large delegation was present from this order and from the G. A. R. A profusion of flowers showed the esteem in which Mr. Nevers was held. The bearers were two sons, Percy N. Nevers and Dr. Harry H. Nevers of Lawrence, Mass.; three sons-in-law, L. H. Cushman, W. H. Young and Howard H. Moring; a grandson, Roland Nevers.

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The annual parish meeting of the First Presbyterian church was held Thursday evening at Central Hall. The reports of the several committees and officers showed the church to be in good financial standing, which was most gratifying. A large amount of reports have been made during the past year, and with all current bills paid there remains a good balance in the treasury. Officers were elected as follows: Moderator, Stephen B. Cummings; clerk, Frank H. DeCoster; parish committee, Marford Mace, Charles G. Mace, George H. Colburn; music committee, Miss Mabel A. Paver, Mrs. Mary Cole, Mrs. P. A. Danforth; treasurer, Miss Mabel A. Paver; collector, Mrs. Alice R. Danforth; assistant collector, Frank H. DeCoster. Following the business session a buffet lunch was served, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially. It was voted to hold an service for the present in the church vestry, and conserve fuel.

Harry Scott, W. R. C., installed officers Thursday evening at Woodman Hall, Mrs. Lillian K. Rice, past president of George M. Knight Corps, being the installing officer. The following is the list: President, Mrs. Jennie Rich; secretary, Mrs. Annie Beck.

Neglected
Colds bring
Pneumonia

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy for the relief of colds, coughs, and other ailments. It is a powerful purgative and tonic, and is recommended by all the leading physicians of the world.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Junior vice, Mrs. Ora Harlow; secretary, Mrs. Edith Edwards; treasurer, Mrs. Clara M. Elliott; chaplain, Mrs. Addie Duwelle; conductor, Mrs. Evelyn O. Young; assistant conductor, Mrs. Eva Fogg; guard, Mrs. Helen Canwell; assistant guard, Miss Carrie Tucker; patriotic instructor, Mrs. Edith Bartlett; press correspondent, Miss Carrie Tucker; color bearers, Mrs. Edith Lovejoy, Mrs. Vera Kilgore, Mrs. Elizabeth Sampson, Miss Clara M. Elliott. Preceding the work, a covered dish supper was served in charge of Mrs. Annie Beck, Mrs. Ida Gannon, and Mrs. Vera Kilgore. Several guests were present from the Post, who made remarks, and other visitors were heard from with a word. The evening was a pleasant one.

The Ladies' Circle of the Congregational church have elected their officers for the coming year as follows: President, Mrs. Herman L. Bartlett; vice president, Mrs. Gertrude L. Howmer; secretary, Mrs. Carrie Swett; treasurer, Mrs. George Swain. Committees will be appointed later.

The Boy Scouts will hold their annual meeting next Tuesday evening at the municipal court room, at the usual time. As this is the annual election of officers, it is desired that there be a full attendance.

The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company have leased the store in the Noyes Block formerly occupied by Fred Cole the jeweler, and repairs will be made at once.

Talbot Mundy returned to New York Thursday. He has recently sold his story, "The King of the Khyber Rifles" for staging with the movies, and it is expected the story picture will be ready for the screen in the fall. Mrs. Mundy is busy in New York working on a moral decoration, which she expects to complete, and return to Norway early in February.

The many friends of Dr. L. H. Truett will be glad to know that his condition was very much improved Friday morning, and it is hoped the worst is over.

A letter was received Friday from Laurence H. Benson, who is in France with the Aero Squadron. He has been promoted to first class private, with an increase in pay. The letter in the squad has been sleeping in cloth bags are until about three weeks ago, they had their barracks ready, and it was quite a relief to be able to sleep where it was high and dry and more. The most of the boys are suffering with colds and coughs, which are hard to shake, with so much wet weather.

Different from the usual affair was the annual parish meeting of the First Presbyterian church, which was held Thursday evening at Central Hall. The reports of the several committees and officers showed the church to be in good financial standing, which was most gratifying.

The annual parish meeting of the First Presbyterian church was held Thursday evening at Central Hall. The reports of the several committees and officers showed the church to be in good financial standing, which was most gratifying. A large amount of reports have been made during the past year, and with all current bills paid there remains a good balance in the treasury. Officers were elected as follows: Moderator, Stephen B. Cummings; clerk, Frank H. DeCoster; parish committee, Marford Mace, Charles G. Mace, George H. Colburn; music committee, Miss Mabel A. Paver, Mrs. Mary Cole, Mrs. P. A. Danforth; treasurer, Miss Mabel A. Paver; collector, Mrs. Alice R. Danforth; assistant collector, Frank H. DeCoster. Following the business session a buffet lunch was served, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially. It was voted to hold an service for the present in the church vestry, and conserve fuel.

Harry Scott, W. R. C., installed officers Thursday evening at Woodman Hall, Mrs. Lillian K. Rice, past president of George M. Knight Corps, being the installing officer. The following is the list: President, Mrs. Jennie Rich; secretary, Mrs. Annie Beck.

Neglected
Colds bring
Pneumonia

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy for the relief of colds, coughs, and other ailments. It is a powerful purgative and tonic, and is recommended by all the leading physicians of the world.

YUKON TOWN THAT LEFT IN ONE NIGHT

Town Booming at Bedtime and Absolutely Abandoned Before the Break of Day. Half-Breed Makes Big Strike—Herd Somewhere in Alaska is a Rich Mine that Starvation and Mosquitoes Have Hidden.

(M. J. Brown)
I am going to open this story by telling a story—one of the most unusual that ever came out of Alaska. It is an absolutely true tale, and I got it directly from the main actor in the silent drama—or rather tragedy—as we sat on the bank of the Yukon one night, smoking and fighting mosquitoes.

He was a watch repairer and kept a few clocks and a little jewelry in the little river town—a supply town for the mines back in the hills. Spring was breaking, (the spring of last year), daylight had returned, the ice was going out and everybody was looking forward when the first boat would come in and new faces and new grub could be met.

"It was a bright, warm Sunday," said my friend, and then I wondered if the story would be as vexatious as the mosquitoes.

(But he soon made me forget the insects.) A friend hunted him up, he said, and told him it was his birthday, and he proposed that a few of the A. B. (Alaskan Brotherhood) boys gather at a cabin and celebrate both the birthday and return of spring by seeing how much booze they could drink in a given length of time—a sort of a capacity and endurance contest. As fast as a man went down they let him lay and the victor had the privilege, and distinction of rubbing grease over his face and then sprinkling on ashes.

I will cut the details short. My story-teller said that at supper time he realized he would soon be among those "laid out," so he slipped out, staggered to his bachelor cabin and went to bed.

During the night there was an alarm at the outer door, and the men called on him to get up and come out. He answered he would in a few minutes and they went away. Then he went back to sleep. He had had all he wanted of that celebration crowd.

He awoke at daylight. His head throbed and his stomach was on a strike, so he rolled over and slept again. At about noon he again awoke, washed and beat it for the nearest saloon for a cocktail. But the saloon was closed, the door locked and no one around.

"I couldn't make it out," said the man. "Certainly this was Monday and the saloons were never closed on this date. So then I went across to the store pastoffice to find the reason for this strange condition. The post-office was closed. There was not a man in sight."

"I looked up the street—not a living thing. I looked across to where a bunch of dogs had been tied for a month and they were gone. Then I thought I had it. A new strike had been reported and the whole town had stampeded."

"But on closer investigation I found the harnesses, sleds, packing, outfit, etc., had not been taken, so it could not have been a mob. I must be crazy or dreaming."

"I went to my shop. The clocks were ticking. To be certain that I was awake I opened one and stopped the swinging pendulum. It stopped. When I started it again, the clock resumed its ticking."

"Ray, friend, you can't imagine the fearful thoughts that came over me. I was crazy. The town was there, so were the people, but I could not see or hear them. I had 'gone bugs' and would go out on the first steamer for the crazy house at Portland, Lord, how I was frightened. The sweat ran down me."

"I went outside and looked around. Not a sign of life. I went down the hill to the river bank. Everything was fearfully quiet. The river was very high, but as the town was on a rise far above it, certainly no man person could be alarmed at the rising stream."

"Then I went back of the town, looking for something stirring, listening for some sound, when—of, the joy of it—I heard a shout, and looking up the hill I saw a man waving his arms, yelling and beckoning me to come."

"He need not have beckoned. I tore for him. A malamute couldn't have passed me. As I neared him, he disappeared over the hill. I followed and when I reached the top I was so exhausted and scared that I fell and could not get up."

"When I got my heart action slowed down and my senses began to work, I saw the whole population of the town was behind the hill, with dogs, feed, etc., each family with its own belongings."

anxiety and tell you the rest in short meter.

The Northern Commercial Company had a large warehouse on the river bank. The ice had gorged in the river, held back the flow and the water had surrounded the warehouse. The company manager came in from the mines that night, had one look at the rising river and spread the alarm:

"There is carbide, dynamite and gunpowder in the warehouse. If the water reaches the calcium, up goes the town. Run for the hill."

It didn't reach it. The ice dam went out and the river went down, and none too soon. Three inches higher and the carbide would have exploded and as the story-teller said,

"The berg would have went to where there is no mine month's winter and the map of Alaska would have lost another dot."

As I ran over this remarkable happening I think "What a frame for a short story." But I have spilled the beans—the Saturday Evening Post won't have it now.

And here is another one of the unusual while I am at it. There was a German at Marshall who had lived in Alaska fourteen years and had been in Marshall since the gold strike. He was universally liked and was a good citizen. Just before I arrived at the town he had left for Nome, on a business matter.

Seeing the war excitement in Nome he told a friend he wished he had taken out his citizenship papers and could be a full American citizen. Doubtless some army official wirelessed the fact at St. Michael about the matter, for when the boat came in to St. Michael he was not permitted to land.

St. Michael is a government reservation and has a fort. Under the law no alien enemy is permitted near a fort or army. The only way the German could return to his home was to transfer from the ocean steamer at St. Michael for the up-river boats, and the fort officials had forbidden this. For days, while the steamer was unloading and loading the man was held aboard. What disposition was finally made of him I could not learn, but he was not aboard when I boarded the steamer.

One more of the strange ones, then back to real things. During the summer a half breed landed at Rampart in a canoe, coming down the Yukon. He was delirious, nearly starved and his face, neck and arms were a mass of poison from mosquito bites. He was taken to a cabin and for days raved in fever.

In his clothes a tobacco sack was found with several large nuggets—chunks of melted pure gold from \$20 to \$200 in value. It was plainly evident the man had made a rich strike, and the doctor and anxious miners watched over him for days, for the time for the delirium to end and he could tell his story.

And one day the fever left, but the breed had no story. It had gone with the fever. He thought he had had a long sleep and had dreamed strange dreams. He could not remember from where he came. His recollection was a blank. He had worked in Circle City, but that was last year. After that he could not remember.

Two miners hired a launch for \$500 and took him up the river, having him watch the shore and try to remember. The launch suggested he said he had a dream recollection of opening the sack and trying to buy something to eat with the gold. But no place on the river revived his memory and in disgust the speculators left him at a wood camp where he got a job cutting wood for the steamers. This man had struck it rich somewhere, but starved and mosquitoes jumped his claim.

I was talking with a clerk in a store in Circle City when a man came in, brought some tobacco, chatted a few minutes and went out. The clerk told me he was a graduate from the state university at Madison, Wis., was married to a squaw and had four children.

Afterwards I saw him at the boat landing and observed him closely. He was about 35 years old, roughly dressed and had all his face set out to whiteness. The clerk said he came into Dawson, as that town began to run out he had considerable money and a mining education—the only value of the latter qualification in Alaska placer camps being to make its possessor an easy mark for the "saw doughs."

He bought worthless and worked out claims and lost every dollar, then drifted down the river to Forty Mile, got interested in a dredging proposition which never got further than on paper, and relatives sent him money, which he was quickly separated from.

Two people to go back or acknowledge his second feeling, he gave up, "let go," married an Indian girl and degenerated to a "saw man," working in the stores, mines, managing pool rooms, etc.

It is a fact that there are many such derelicts in Alaska. North of Nome, far up in the Indian country, are several high-bred Englishmen, who have taken square and gone back to bar barians. These men were supposed to be "remittance men" who honestly, but foolishly get their London friends in on some hum investments and were cut off from their aftercare.

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\$3.00 per 1000 Sheets

By Parcel Post 15 Cents additional
We Furnish the Paper.

The Citizen Office

Now they are almost on a level with the natives, seldom come out, are forgetting their language and they live in the equatorial and slith of their Indian companions.

Up in this country north of Nome is unquestionably a big oil field. Many know of it, and many a capitalist has seen it, but none want it. An old timer who had been there told me that crude oil could be dipped up from the crevices and that prospectors used it for fuel. He said the superstitious Indians were afraid of it and would not go near the "burning water."

The locality is such that it would be almost physically impossible to get in the needed machinery, on account of the roughness of the country. There are miles and miles over mountains where a dog sled could not be drawn and only men with light packs and with the aid of ropes can get over.

Representatives of an oil corporation went into this locality two years ago, thoroughly investigated it and abandoned the proposition. It was stated that it would require 700 miles of pipe line to get the oil to Nome, a distance of half this length and that with the tremendous undertaking of getting the necessary machinery in to open the field the risk was too great for even the Standard Oil Co. So nature has locked up this great asset for a future day, when necessity will develop it.

There are many coal deposits discovered in Alaska, but I was told that many of them were worthless, that they contained "green" coal that would have to lay a few thousand years yet to season, while those that were good were entirely worthless from the fact that they were too far from the river and the cost of production and transportation would be so far above the price in the States that there would be no market for it. And in Alaska there would be little demand for the reason that wood and time are the two most abundant things. A miner talked to me for three hours about a deposit twenty miles back from the river and when he was through I showed him how the cost of getting it to the nearest river town would eat up its value, when he argued "that doesn't make any difference, we could organize a company and get some money out of it."

I told him I was not a promoter.

WASTE IS CRIMINAL

"To waste now is nothing short of criminal," Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

The duty of the American people to economize in consumption of food and all other materials as well as save money, can not be too often or too strongly urged upon them. The duty is so imperative, its observance so vital to our country's success, that it should be kept constantly before them. The proposition is plain and understandable. We have lessened the productive powers of the country by taking 2,000,000 men away from the productive forces of the country; instead of producers of one kind or another the soldiers are consumers of the products of our farms, factories, and mines, and when the munitions they expend and will expend against the enemy is considered they are tremendous consumers of the manufactured products of the country.

A tremendous amount of the manufacturing energy of the country has been withdrawn from manufacturing the things we use in peace and put to manufacturing the things we use in war. The total loss to the country of the productive energy of our soldiers and sailors and the diversion of a great portion of the other productive energy of the country to war purposes lessen to a great extent the amount of material and supplies produced by the country.

To this condition of lessened production and increased consumption, and by our own men must be added the extraordinary demand made upon this country to supply the armies of our allies and to a great extent their population with food and other material.

We must meet the condition that confronts us in two ways: by the strictest economy in consumption, for every pound we refrain from using adds a pound to be devoted to the war effort; and by the saving of our Army and Navy and the military forces of our allies; and by speeding up our production to the limit. The American people are going to do all that they know to be necessary to win this war to shorten the war. They have only to realize the imperative duty of economy in saving and they will economize and save.

Printing of all kinds done in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

THE HOME

Pleasant Evening
Dedicated
Mothers as the
Home Circle

DO YOUR PART

Health is a capital especially for the woman. However much talent you have, you will not work unless you are healthy. If you are your business to do, it is your duty to threads and to mend.

This means you must your food and your life. You can hardly plenty of energy and every day and keep your part in rebuilding.

If you have indulged the all important question of sufficient time to is especially true of you because you are pressed you find out you are minutes for your morning a few minutes extra few minutes in food properly.

You admit you have at noon, but either happens—you use munging time for shopping catch up with your work or the shopping your luncheon.

No less important is you eat. You cannot have ruddy cheeks if you eat out of ice cream or plimented by candy or are wise you will eat salads at noon and take soup or milk with your Excessive sweets with your complexion, nerves. When you feel freshness take a glass an egg beaten up in a cake of sweet chocolate.

If you find yourself in the middle of the luncheon and make up a somewhat heavier meal. Bathing will do much for your health and strength. A tepid bath before going to bed, provided you do warm.

DON'T BECOME A COMPLAINER
The woman who finds tality is a nuisance and not only makes herself a case as is never satisfied, but, what is even makes every one who fact with her feel the disagreeable disposition. It is sore. Instead opinions to herself, she spread her venom, and by baiting the view who must listen to her pains.

For instance, if she is business man whose presence late and early lag in the city a matter

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"
What Lydia E. Vegetable Compound For Ohio Women

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I irregularities, pains in my stomach, and I could not work for four or five months. I tried many medicines, but nothing helped me. I then tried Lydia E. Vegetable Compound, and it cured me. I am now well and happy."

Mrs. Shaw proved the medicine and wrote this letter. She is now well and happy. The result of her experience is at your service.

Medicine for women's ailments. Mrs. SARA SHAW, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Women who are suffering should not drag along for without giving this medicine a trial. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a sure remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a sure remedy.

Medicine for women's ailments. Mrs. SARA SHAW, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Women who are suffering should not drag along for without giving this medicine a trial. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a sure remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a sure remedy.

THE HOME CIRCLE

Pleasant Beveries—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

DO YOUR PART TO KEEP IN HEALTH.

Health is a capital for us all, and especially for the woman who works. However much talent and initiative you have, you will be handicapped in your work unless you have your share of health. If you have not health, it is your business to expend every minute of your surplus time acquiring it.

If you have been fortunate in having the right sort of mother who started to build this rich heritage for you from the time you were a baby, and it has grown until you are rich with this possession. But if she did not give enough thought to this vital subject it is your duty to seize the broken threads and to mend them.

This means you must be careful with your food and your manner of eating it. You can hardly expect to expend plenty of energy and nerve force every day and keep well unless you do your part in rebuilding the waste.

If you have indulged ask yourself the all important question, "Am I taking sufficient time for meals?" This is especially true of your breakfast, because you are pressed for time. If you find out you are getting only ten minutes for your morning meal, get up a few minutes earlier and use these extra few minutes in masticating your food properly.

You should have plenty of time at noon, but either one of two things happens—you use much of your lunching time for shopping or you seek to catch up with your work. Cut down the amount of time you give to the work or the shopping and add it to your luncheon.

No less important is the kind of food you eat. You cannot be strong and have ruddy cheeks if you make a luncheon out of ice cream or a sundae, supplemented by candy or cake. If you are wise you will eat sandwiches and salads at noon and take a cupful of hot soup or milk with your luncheon.

Excessive sweets will work havoc with your complexion, disposition and nerves. When you feel the need of refreshment take a glass of buttermilk, an egg beaten up in milk or a small cake of sweet chocolate.

If you find yourself extremely tired in the middle of the day, eat a light luncheon and make up for it by eating a somewhat heavier meal at night.

Bathing will do much to increase your health and strengthen your nerves. A tepid bath before going to bed will do much to rest you and put you to sleep, provided you do not take it too warm.

she complains continually about the noise of the streets and the impure air, and begs him to take a little house in the country for the sake of her health. His convenience is as nothing compared to her wishes. If he refuses, his life is made unbearable by the constant reference to the hardships she is enduring for his sake. Their apartment, a very nice one, indeed, is looked upon as a sort of prison, which is depriving her of every chance of health and happiness. Instead of adjusting herself to conditions, she expects conditions to adjust themselves to her, and when she finds she is expecting an impossibility she falls back upon complaints.

Fault-finding is, after all, only a matter of habit, but it is a habit which assumes tremendous proportions before one knows it if it is allowed to grow. Quickly the desire to criticize everything and every one takes a hold upon a person until it becomes a part of the nature.

Take, for instance, a woman encountered recently at a summer resort. At first she seemed harmless enough, though one gathered after a few moments of introduction that this particular patron of the hotel didn't think much of the food or service rendered. You accepted these criticisms, however, for what they were worth, knowing that there were always some things in a summer hotel that were not desirable.

After a week's stay you discovered that the faults existed chiefly in the woman's mind. She was a born "fault-finder." The coffee was "atrocious," according to her way of thinking, though every one else drank it without a murmur. Not she, however! Her own coffee, her own percolator were placed on her table so that she could make her own brew and know what she was making.

"Do let me give you a good cup of coffee," she would say loudly to a passing friend, thereby making the other guests wonder if, after all, the hotel's brand was undrinkable. Most of the guests, however, laughed secretly at her fussiness and put her down as a habitual complainer.

"What was the matter with it?" she asked one evening, after a repast which consisted of soup, well cooked chicken, two vegetables, salad and delicious ice cream. "I couldn't find a thing to eat. I am positively starving."

"What was the matter with it?" she demanded an exasperated friend. "I thought it was particularly good."

"Oh, I hate chicken cooked in that way. The vegetables were starchy, and my physician says I can't eat a bit of starchy food. I can't eat fresh fruit salad, and I hate chocolate ice cream."

Nothing, you see, the matter with the food, it simply didn't suit her taste. And so it was from one day to another. The laundry was wretchedly done, her waiters slow. Always something to find fault with, nothing to admire.

LOCKE'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Swan and Mrs. Leslie Davis and son have gone to Erie, Penn., to join Mr. Davis, who has government work there.

Mrs. Carol Brewster returned to her home in Lewiston, Saturday.

Mollie Stanley visited with her parents at Middle Intervale, Sunday.

Blanche Lane of Norway visited with her cousin, Mrs. King Bartlett, Monday.

Mildred Chapman has returned to her school at Mechanic Falls after a month's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Swan are entertaining relatives from away.

Officers were elected for 1918 at the Sunday school, Sunday.

The following was the program at the Christmas exercises:

Opening Song, Christmas Greetings, Five Christmas Candles, Play Mitchell, James Tucker, Leona Brown, Lawrence and Gertrude Tebbets.

Red Stockings, Vera Corkum Christmas with our Fabled Friends, Acts I and IV, Primary Room; Acts II and III, Grammar Room.

A Brave Child, Play Mitchell Song, Nellie Swan, Beatrice Brown, May Norton.

The Fairies Strike, Santa Claus, Winifred Swan. Mrs. Santa, May Norton.

Mischief Brewster, Sidney Bartlett. Bobby, Lawrence Tebbets. Dimple, Julia Brown.

Fuzzy, Leon Ames. Dot, Vera Corkum. Fluff, Beatrice Brown. Pecky, Nellie Swan.

The Christmas Doll, Beatrice and Julia Brown Song, Up On The House Top, Vera Corkum, Leon Ames, Charles Swan. Santa Claus' Court, Santa Claus, Elsie Band.

Miller, Leslie Noyes. Butcher, Herman Dean. Preacher, Stella Kimball. Maxon, May Vetschsky. Doctor, Harry Packard. Cook, Mildred Swan.

Cheese, Joseph Vetschsky. Tobias, George Norton. Colored Woman, Lulu Goodwin. Man in the Moon, Charles Swan. Closing Song.

FERTILIZERS AND CROPS FOR 1918

Opinion of the Directors of the New England Stations.

A few days ago the Director of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station was in conference with the directors of the Agricultural Experiment Stations of the Northeastern States. Among other things the crop situation including the supply of fertilizers were discussed at length the following is their best advice.

The country's need for large crops of all essential foods, such as wheat, beans, oats, corn, rye, barley, potatoes and similar staples, will be even greater in 1918 than it was in 1917. Seed, fertilizers and labor will be higher in cost than last year and the labor will be more difficult to obtain. Prices of crops are also likely to rule higher in 1918 than the present year. Because of the higher cost and lessened labor the aim should be for maximum acre yields. Intensive rather than extensive culture should be the rule. Machinery, horse power and gasoline power should be utilized to the fullest amount practicable. Seed should be of the best and should be tested for vitality long before planting time. If the seed at hand is low in vitality or otherwise of poor quality these facts should be early learned and better seed found if it is possible so to do. The land should be put in the best possible shape for planting by early plowing to a fair depth and by frequent harrowing.

Although fertilizers will be half as high again as before the war and a fourth higher in cost than last year, this is not the time to scrimp in their use. Mineral nitrogen is markedly higher in cost than last year and sulphate of ammonia is hardly obtainable for use in fertilizers. Organic nitrogen of the better grades is too valuable for food of animals to enter much into fertilizers. Acid phosphate is high and not abundant because of the high price and great demand in munition making of sulphuric acid used in making acid phosphates out of raw rock. Potash is very scarce, much of it is from inferior sources and it is all high priced. But with such crops as potatoes practical experience and careful experimenting agree in that it is financially profitable to use it at the rate of 30 or 40 pounds per acre despite its high cost. Potash does not seem to be so essential with the cereal as with the root crops. With beets, mangels and rutabagas the addition of two or three hundred pounds of common salt will always give increased yields. Potash should be used for these crops unless farm manure can be liberally supplied.

The conservation and production of maximum amounts of yard manures by preservation of all excrement, both solid and liquid, and by composting is strongly advocated. The addition of a hundred pounds per acre, as the manure is being worked over, of acid phosphate is advised. Both because the manure is deficient in phosphoric acid and because phosphoric acid favors the growth of micro organisms of prime importance in rendering plant food in manure available to crops this practice will be found financially and agriculturally profitable. Home fixing that is difficult because of the fact that the fertilizer manufacturers have most of the ingredients in their possession and are not desirous of selling them except in mixed goods.

Soil and water transportation are increasingly difficult. Hence orders should be placed at the earliest moment in order that the goods may be delivered in time for planting. Cash will obtain a liberal discount from list prices. If one has not the cash by making the proper statement of one's financial condition and resources to a bank money can be hired by any one whose credit would warrant a fertilizer company giving him goods on credit and at a lower price (rate of interest) than the fertilizer company can afford. In other words buy fertilizers from a bank whose business is loaning money, or buy the use of money from a bank whose business is loaning money.

In a sentence the advice of the directors to New England farmers is: Plan for maximum acre yields, thoroughly prepare the seed bed, use good seed, make and save all farm manures possible, supplement this by liberal use of commercial fertilizer mixed or unmixed which should be ordered at once for prompt delivery and on the best terms possible in obtain.

Chas. H. Woods, Director.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Planders and children spent Christmas with her parents.

Miss Mary Deegan is at home now after completing her term of school.

W. A. Dearden and John Harrington went to Kroll, N. H., Monday.

Danilo Cross of Hove Hill has enlisted in the Medical Corps.

Onie and Willie Hadakin of Auburn were home for Christmas, returning the following Friday.

Mrs. Wheeler and baby spent a few days of last week with her sister, Mrs. Eva Kennagh.

Some people imagine that they have a peek of trouble when in reality it would not fill a pint cup.

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SELL, ADVERTISE IT.

CANTON

The installation of the officers of Canton Encampment, I. O. O. F., was held Friday evening with a good attendance. Deputy S. W. Butterfield installed the following officers, with Harold B. Gilbert as Marshal:

C. P.—Sherman Dillon. H. P.—J. C. Bicknell. S. P.—John Dillon.

J. W.—J. L. Gammon. Scribe—F. B. Woodward. T. S.—E. E. Westgate.

Treas.—H. A. Sweet. Guide—Asia F. Hayford. 1st Watch—A. L. Tirrell.

2nd Watch—Theon Woodward. 3rd Watch—D. A. Freeman. 4th Watch—O. M. Richardson.

O. S.—A. L. Hodges. 1st Guard—G. H. Johnson. 2nd Guard—L. O. Harding.

An oyster supper was served at the close and a musical entertainment by the mandolin club enjoyed.

The school teachers and the heads of the several organizations in town have received cards from the soldier boys who were remembered by them with Christmas packages. They expressed their pleasure and sincere thanks.

Arthur Westgate has been spending a few days in Portland.

The Red Cross entertainment will be held the last week in January.

Chas. E. Richardson is on the sick list.

Mrs. Nellie Morse of Rumford has been a guest of Miss Clara Barrows.

The Misses Arlene and Eva Russell have returned to Boston and Miss Nina Russell to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lucas spent New Year's Day at Livermore Falls with Mrs. Lucas' sister, Mrs. L. F. Allen, and family.

Mrs. F. W. Morse has been spending a few days in Boston.

Word has been received of the illness of Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, a former resident of Canton, who is stopping with her grandson, Ormand Stanwood, at Skowhegan.

The officers of the Relief Corps were installed Tuesday by Mrs. Eunice Gould of North Turner, with Mrs. Corn Thompson of Wilson Corps, conductor. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

A New Year's ball was held at Canton Point, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richards have welcomed a daughter to their home the past week.

Miss Ellen Fuller has recovered from her illness and reopened her school at Canton Point.

The Grange will hold its installation next Saturday afternoon and degrees will be conferred in the forenoon.

A dancing school will commence at the Point on the evening of Jan. 12.

Mrs. Leslie Roberts is at So. Portland, where she submitted to a slight surgical operation at a private hospital and is getting along well.

35 degrees below zero in Canton, Thursday, the coldest day of the season.

The school at Gilbertville was not in session Thursday, as it was 10 degrees below zero in the school room with a good fire.

Mrs. Flora Dodge has been ill with tonsillitis.

Mrs. J. K. Forhan has returned home from Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lavorgna are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Thursday.

The Pine Tree Club held its session Saturday with Mrs. W. A. Lucas, with a good attendance. The roll call was answered by naming some function of the national government and the official who administers it. The "Training for Citizenship" was in charge of Mrs. Lucas. An interesting paper was read by Mrs. O. M. Richardson, and an article from the Bay View Magazine was read by Mrs. M. A. Smith, the president. Current events were given by members. A guessing contest was enjoyed by all and refreshments were served. The next meeting will be with Miss Margarette Hollis.

Mont Hanson of Mexico was in town Saturday and purchased a pair of horses of Arthur A. Gilman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ingersoll and family arrived from Newport this week. They will occupy the rent on Pleasant street owned by A. E. Hay. Mr. Ingersoll will have charge of the Canton car factory.

On account of the badly drifted roads there was no meeting at the Universalist church, Sunday.

S. Harris Jones, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Jones of Canton, was united in marriage to Miss Margarette Ross of Hephata, N. H., on Dec. 18 at Portland. The officiating clergyman was W. B. Tutbill and the single ring service was read. Mrs. Jones is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ross. Many friends extend congratulations.

The annual meeting and roll call of the United Baptist church members will be held at the church next Friday evening.

The Ladies' Aid met Thursday with Miss Sarah J. Bailey and elected officers for the year ensuing.

Miss Sampson and family have moved to Jay Bridge. Mr. Sampson will be employed on the railroad.

BLUE STORES

We Solicit Your Mail Order Business

If you cannot personally visit our stores we feel certain you would be pleased with the service we can give you by Parcel Post.

Try It Once At Least

Many are doing it over and over again.

Anything you would expect to find at a Man's Clothes Shop you will find we probably have.

Reliable Merchandise—Moderate Profits—Satisfaction Assured

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

F. H. NOYES CO.

NORWAY

2 Stores

SOUTH PARIS

RUBBERS

are sure to cost more very soon

We have a good stock now at the old prices. A good time to buy is now.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, TELEPHONE 38-2

NORWAY,

MAINE

We pay postage on all mail orders.

Are you saving

To help win the War?

Buy U. S. Treasury-Thrift Stamps at 25c. Each stamp is part-payment toward a \$5.00 Government bond (the "War Savings Stamp") bearing 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly.

Ask your Postmaster

Inserted through courtesy of Ira C. Jordan.

Mrs. Frank McCouney of Canton Point is ill.

SUNDAY RIVER

Mrs. Harry Tolman has gone to Auburn.

Little Bruce Bailey, who was operated on at the M. G. hospital, Portland, last week, is at home doing well at this writing.

Mr. Albert Eames and daughter are keeping house in Bethel in Miss Lillian Blake's house.

Dave Long visited his brother, Herbert, in Kroll last week.

Joe Spinney has finished hauling his wood.

Dave Fleet took Alton Bartlett's cattle home, Tuesday. The cattle had been in the woods since last fall. Mr. Fleet and Mr. Eames captured them last week.

H. M. Kendall was at Fred Maud's on Grever Hill, recently, on business.

Alfred Hobbs butchered a cow for Rab Foster the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williamson and Mrs. C. D. Dean attended the dance at Newry Corner last Friday night.

H. M. Dean is hauling birch from Ketchikan to Bryant's mill.

Lewis Spinyan and son, Frank, have gone to Grafton to haul wood for M. Hastings.

Elmer Dean spent Sunday at his home in this place.

The road breakers were out again Sunday.

Will German purchased some nice sheep of A. F. Copeland, recently. Harold Emma is visiting Lewis Bames.

Howard Bailey spent the week end with his family in this place.

EAST BETHEL

Miss Vanda Durbin was at home for Christmas.

Miss Bertha Cole was a Christmas guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cole.

Mrs. Lucetta Dean has returned to Norway to do dressmaking.

Miss Eva Dean, who is teaching at Harrington, Me., was at home for the Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holt entertained as Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Holt and children and all enjoyed a family Christmas tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Dean and Mr.

and Mrs. Freeborn H. Dean and two children were Christmas day guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hutchins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dean very pleasantly entertained as Christmas guests Mr. and Mrs. Will Bartlett, Mrs. Lucetta Dean, Miss Eva Dean, Miss Florence Chapman and Mr. Francis Dean also Mr. Robert Hich of Berlin, N. H., who was a week end guest.

Mr. George Swan, with team, has gone to Byron, where he is working for Stowell & Co., Dixfield.

Willie Bartlett, with team, is working in the woods at Byron for Reed and Swan, Rumford Falls.

Guy Bartlett has several choppers working for him.

Ceylon Kimball made a business trip to South Paris, Jan. 7.

Mr. L. E. Cole carries the scholars on the Locke's Mills road and from Kimball Hill.

Misses Edith and Beaul Trask drive their own team to school and care for it, and are promptly on time snow or blow.

PARTS OF SPEECH

Three little words we often see are—articles, a, an and the.

A noun names anything, As school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun, As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand; His head, her hat, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something being done, As read, write, spell, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell, As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

They also tell us where and when, As here and there, and now and then.

A preposition stands before A noun, as in or through a door.

Conjunctions join the words together, As rain and sunshine, wind and weather.

Conjunctions sentences unite, As kittens scratch and puppies bite.

An interjection shows surprise, As oh! how pretty! Ah! how wise!

M. A. B.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Fortsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and so I had four in my family and three boarders I made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of a forty years' experience is at your service.



January Mark-Down

Coats, Suits and Dresses

HAS BEEN MADE.

We offer these big savings right at the height of the season when you have several months to wear them this winter.

ONE LOT COATS, Browns, Greens, Blues and Mixtures. Big roomy styles that are so good this season.

Regular prices \$14.95 to \$17.75. Sale, \$10.95.

Many other coats in all sizes marked at equally big discounts.

SUITS. One lot in blue, brown, green, purple. Poplins and serges. Regular prices \$19.75 and \$24.50. Sale price \$11.95.

SERGE DRESSES. One lot in good assortment of colors and styles for every figure. Regular price \$12.45 to \$14.95. Sale price, \$9.75.

If you cannot come to the store just try our mail order department.

We pay postage on all orders.

BROWN, BUCK & CO.

Norway, Maine

BRYANT'S POND

The Farmers' Union will have comfortable quarters in their new building, now near completion. A spacious office has been finished in one corner and a kitchen is to be put up as soon as the weather admits. A large amount of produce can be handled stored in the building, several carloads at a time.

The Boston Sunday papers are out of circulation here until Monday at 7 a. m. Last Sabbath the Portland Sunday Telegram came through by train from Lewiston and was mailed through to Berlin, N. H., reaching there early in the afternoon.

The Whitman school is closed this term and the scholars of the district are being conveyed to the Bryant's Pond school by the Hovvigan, Elned Smith.

The Parent Teachers' Association will hold a meeting this week for the general discussion of the aims of our schools.

Miss Margie Jordan has just finished a term of school in the town of Mascon.

Last week was a better experience for teachers and the children. Thursday morning there was a register of 42 below and some gentle breeze to go with it. Fruit and vegetables were frozen in many cellars.

Mrs. Deborah Parsons, who has been

very ill with pneumonia, is now considered out of danger. There has been very little sickness in town this winter and the above has been the only case of pneumonia reported.

MARSHALL DISTRICT

Mrs. Flora McAllister called on Mrs. Lydia Fernald one day last week. Mr. Horace Andrews of Auburn, Me., was in town last week, tuning and repairing organs and pianos.

Irving Morry and Merl Barker visited the Marshall school, Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Abel Andrews were recent callers at C. H. Fernald's. Mr. Fred Littlefield and Irving Morry went to Bethel, Wednesday, on business.

Harry Morry and Merle Barker are cutting pipe for Eben Barker.

MASON

Ralph Cochran has finished work for Myron Merrill and is stopping with R. Westleigh.

Jim Westleigh went to Bethel, Monday, on business.

Hervey Fernald and Gerald Cochran returned to Springfield, Mass., Thursday.

J. A. McKenzie is at work getting in ice for L. P. Blackard.

BETHEL and Vicinity

Mr. Arthur Douglas is quite ill at his home on Elm street.

Mrs. Lucetta Bean of East Bethel is a guest of Mrs. J. S. Hutchins.

The Social Six will meet with Mrs. J. B. Burlbank, Saturday afternoon of this week.

Mr. Jack Carter, who has been spending a few days in town, returned to Boston, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. C. Curtis was called to Auburn last Thursday by the illness of her son, Dr. Baker.

Mr. Ralph A. Parker, chief accountant of Public Utilities was a recent business visitor in town.

Last Thursday morning the thermometer registered 40 degrees below in some places in the village.

The Parent-Teacher Association will hold their meeting at the brick building Wednesday evening, Jan. 16.

"Aunt" Dolly Tyler, who has been quite ill at the home of her son on Summer street, is reported as gaining.

Mrs. Lawrence Lavergna and niece, Miss Ella Whitcomb, who have been visiting relatives in Hartford, have returned home.

Mrs. B. P. Adkins returned to her home at South Paris, Monday, after spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young and son, Harry, were called to Norway last week by the death of Mrs. Young's father, Mr. A. J. Nevers.

Leona, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Brown, died Thursday night of pneumonia following measles and whooping cough.

The Bethel Men's Club will meet at Bethel Inn, Wednesday evening, Jan. 9. Mr. Charles Pollard will talk on "The Wonders of Heredity."

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy were called to West Paris, Thursday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Lovejoy's brother-in-law, G. William Berry.

Rev. Mr. Little was called to Bowdoinham to attend the funeral Thursday at 10 a. m. of Mrs. Clara, wife of Capt. Adams, who died suddenly Jan. 7.

Word has been received that Mr. Edward Nigg, formerly of Bethel, lost his store by fire at Pillsbury, Florida. The extent of the loss has not been learned.

Miss Blanche Richardson, who has been spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Richardson, returned to her school at Livermore Falls, Saturday.

Mr. Baker Thornton went to Portland, Monday, returning with his son, Robert, who has been in the Maine General Hospital with a dislocated hip. He is now able to move around a little with the aid of crutches.

The annual installation of Purity Chapter, No. 162, O. E. S., will be held Thursday evening, Jan. 24. All Masons and their families are cordially invited and each member of the Chapter has the privilege of inviting one guest.

Misses Natalie and Elinor True of Waban, Mass., came last week and were guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring. Mr. John True arrived Monday night returning Tuesday accompanied by Elinor. Miss Natalie will spend the remainder of the winter.

The meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association was held at Bethel Grange Hall, Thursday evening and the following officers elected: President, Allen Bartlett; vice president, Alvin P. Chapman; secretary and treasurer, Herman Mason; executive committee, Harry King, C. E. Bennett and Truss Barnes.

OILHEAD

Miss Amy Lester has returned to Bates College, Lewiston, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lester.

Mr. J. B. Watson of Worcester, Mass., was a recent guest of his sister, Mrs. John Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gentry of New York spent the week end in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wright. Mrs. Josephine Wheeler went to New Case, N. H., last Wednesday to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. B. E. Harrington.

Dr. H. H. Bryant of Orono, N. H., was in town, recently.

Mr. A. D. Wright was in Bethel last Thursday.

Albert Scott and family have moved to Biddeford, N. H. Mrs. John Richardson went to Portland last Thursday to attend the funeral of John Watson.

RED CROSS

Continued from page 1.

No. 2 eye bandages, 25 abdominal bandages, 35 triangular bandages, 33 nursing mitts, 17 convalescent gowns, 51 operating gowns, 48 pajamas, 5 hot water bag covers, 63 pillows, 4820 gauze compresses 4in. by 4in., 200 gauze compresses 9in. by 9in., 220 folded compresses 6in. by 3in., 200 gauze sponges, 173 sweaters, 70 pair wristlets, 63 mufflers, 44 pair socks, 14 helmets, 237 Xmas bags.

The recent "drive" for new members netted 273 new members. Much credit is due Mr. Fred A. Tibbetts who had the matter in charge. Below is a list of the names:

BETHEL

Katherine Yeager, Charles L. Pollard, Edith M. Ripley, Orlando B. George, Jr., Wm. J. Upson, William Fuller, Dr. J. G. Gehring, Mrs. J. G. Gehring, Miss Mariel Boyker, Mrs. Miriam Boyker, Henry W. Boyker, Asa L. Smith, Lucy Fox, Bertha R. Wheeler, Mona Lee Martyn, Edward P. Lyon, May Gaudette, Emma Magullis, Elizabeth Greenleaf, Gertrude H. Morrison, Mabel F. Allen, Mrs. F. E. Robertson, H. S. Magullis, Charles W. Myer, George B. Harlow, Sarah Kelley, Lillian Crawford, Elizabeth Hill, Roy C. Moore, Ray Toney, Ralph L. Moore, Arthur G. Douglas, Roy Bennett, H. L. Coburn, H. T. Sawin, H. H. Annas, Otto Webb, Cassius Mason, Carrie Kyrle, Lillian Carroll, Mrs. P. P. Yeager, Wesley Wheeler, Mrs. Frank Heath, Mrs. Carrie Merrill, Arnel B. Browne, Thomas LaBue, William Vandenberg, Margaret Vandenberg, Mrs. H. P. Thurston, Mrs. Herbert Swan, Mrs. Charles Heath, Mrs. E. L. Robertson, N. E. Richardson, Angie P. Wright, Wm. E. Littlehale, Paul C. Thurston, Mrs. Paul C. Thurston, D. Grover Brooks, Martin H. Lydon, Marjorie Farwell, Alice Morse, John Morse, Lena Durkee, Eva B. Fox, Clarence K. Fox, Fred B. Hall, Ira C. Jordan, Mrs. E. C. Jordan, H. E. Jordan, Mrs. H. E. Jordan, J. U. Parington, Fannie B. Lovejoy, Lealie H. Smith, Olyndon Sawin, Verlie G. Hutchins, Margaret C. Herrick, Ruth E. Poole, Rev. James H. Little, Lily B. Burlbank, George L. Smith, George L. Smith, E. Linwood Brown, D. M. D., Melissa Tuell, Bertha M. Valentine, Warren E. Bennett, Minnie Harlow, Mary E. Atherton, Davis G. Lovejoy, H. H. Hastings, Mrs. Merle C. Swan, Mrs. Lottie M. Thurston, Miss Maud L. Thurston, K. H. Edwards, Harold Bennett, Mrs. Mary F. Clark, E. H. Smith, A. E. Chapman, Albert J. Burke, Ada L. Tyler, Mrs. John Deegan, Thos. B. Goodwin, L. A. Hall, Vivian Wright, Mrs. Fred F. Bean, Mrs. T. C. Carter, Fred Hagwood, John W. Carter, Mrs. J. C. Billings, Mrs. Harlan Wheeler, Harlan Wheeler, Rev. H. B. Treeman, Albert C. Frost, Mildred Housman, Robert D. Hanson, F. E. Hanson, Jr., Alice M. Killings, Julius P. Killings, W. H. Foley, E. S. Robinson, Grace L. Foley, Mrs. Elmer H. Young, Elmer H. Young, Carroll Brown, Mrs. Clyde H. Corey, Clyde H. Corey, Miss Edie Davis, Everett McKen, C. C. Bryant, Mrs. C. C. Bryant, Mrs. C. W. Hall, Chas. L. Davis, Mrs. Robert Thurston, Mrs. P. E. Parington, Harry H. King, Jr., P. A. Goldard, Claude Goldard, Mr. N. A. Stearns, Mrs. N. A. Stearns, Karl J. Stearns, Mrs. B. J. Hasselton, Ernest M. Walker, H. J. Bean, Maribel S. Park, Dr. Francis H. Tuell, A. W. Herrick, Mrs. A. W. Herrick, Dan R. Smith, J. M. Philbrook, Minnie Capen, Harriet P. Merrill, Emily M. Forbes, Frances A. Carter, Ethel R. Hastings, Fred E. Gordon, A. M. Gordon, Lillian Morse, Edith L. Morse, Pauline Masters, Grace E. Philbrook, Elizabeth R. Young, Cassandra Cole, Lucy A. Folsom, Helen M. Staples, Alma E. Mitchell, Clarence E. Philbrook, Sarah A. Pickett, Stephen E. Abbott, Pauline E. Philbrook, John N. Swan, Roy Thurston, Chas. H. Davis, Martha E. Bartlett, Belle Parington.

WEST BETHEL

Mrs. E. M. Hall, J. A. McKenzie, Mrs. Adria L. Orser, Edmund C. Smith, Everett Laxton, Lloyd Laxton, Irene Merrill.

LOOKER'S MILLS

W. R. Hand, L. C. Bartlett, Mrs. W. R. Hand, Eben E. Hand, J. C. Littlefield, Mrs. Della F. Reed, C. E. Stowell, C. R. Tebbets, Mrs. C. R. Tebbets, Lawrence Tebbets, Gertrude Tebbets, Fred H. Morton, George Tirrell, Marian Swift, King Bartlett, M. A. Lapham, Mrs. M. A. Lapham, J. Carlton Lapham, Sylvia Lapham, Mrs. George Tirrell, Lewis A. Tirrell, Mrs. Walter L. Swift, Mrs. Marie Cushman, Curtis Abbott, Mrs. Carrie Abbott, Mrs. Marion Tibbetts, R. E. Cummings, H. G. McLean, Miss Molly Stanley, George N. Stearns, Cora Mae Crickitt, Mrs. Gen. H. Tuttle, W. E. Cushman.

OILHEAD

Frank B. Coffin, Earl F. Coffin, Lucia Coffin, Mrs. Hibel Belmont, Mrs. Hibel Griffin, Mrs. Ruth Mills, Mrs. Hilda Deuster, Mrs. Ada Cole, Mrs. Abbie Lary, Herbert Aremberg, Frank Vermette, Mr. Holt, I. R. Griffith, Angus Fraser, R. A. Moore, Morris Hansen, R.

JANUARY REDUCTION SALE

In looking through our stock we find some things which we want to sell quickly. There is hardly anything that we are buying now that does not cost more than we have been asking, yet many items we are selling below the price of last year.

75c value Men's Fleece Shirts, size 44, Special Price, 50c

\$1.50 value Men's Wool Drawers, sizes 32 and 34, Special Price, \$1.00

\$1.50 value Men's 1 Buckle Overshoes, Special Price, \$1.15

\$2.50 value Boys' 4 Buckle Overshoes, Special Price, \$2.00

\$2.50 value Ladies' Overshoes, Special Price, \$2.00

\$1.50 value Men's Brown Overalls and Frock, each Special Price, \$1.00

One lot Men's Suits, all small sizes, \$10.00 and \$12.00 Suits, Price \$8.00 per Suit

Men's Overcoats, a few Genuine Bargains, \$10 up

Men's Mackinaws, \$3 up; Boys' Mackinaws, \$4 up Men's Sweaters, 75c up; Boys' Sweaters, 50c up

Other Bargains too numerous to mention.

CEYLON ROWE & SON

BETHEL, MAINE

M. Prescott, Fred Moore, A. R. Bryant, J. E. Richardson, W. A. Dyer, W. R. Kimball, Fred Cole, Dewey Kimball, O. R. Robertson, Fred Taylor, Geo. Leighton, I. B. Leighton, H. E. Wheeler, Fred Ploof, Hosea Lary, Roy Aremberg, J. A. McBride, Alfred Heath, Herbert Bennett, A. D. Wight, John Gowan, A. T. Heath, Carl Richardson, Albert Bennett.

MISCELLANEOUS

George R. Fowler, Ithaca; Francis Minot, 56 Fenway, Boston; Caleb Tucker Briggs, Bearsville, N. Y.; Mrs. W. W. Thomas, Portland, Me.; W. W. Thomas, Portland, Me.; Wolfgang Thomas, Portland, Me.; Katharine D. Farwell, Chicago, Ill.; Ada C. Smith, Pittsfield, Mass.; Oscar P. Thomas, Portland, Me.; Calvin T. Fox, Wilton, Me.; Mrs. Julia M. Pickett, Westworth Location, N. H.; Miss Nellie Whitmore, Seal Harbor, Me.; Mrs. Mary D. Hall, Mechanic Falls, Me.; Wm. K. Hall, Mechanic Falls, Me.; A. French Stevens, So. Paris, Me.; C. H. Brewster, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. C. H. Brewster, Lewiston, Me.; E. S. Skillings, Portland, Maine.

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Slight reductions in mill feed prices is expected as a result of the new rules promulgated by the U. S. Food Administration and made public by Dr. Leon S. Merrill, the Federal Food Administrator for Maine. The new rules fix maximum prices of wheat mill feeds.

Food Administrator Merrill has issued warning that the rules must be obeyed and that any violation of the regulations by dealers will be immediately reported to the authorities in Washington for further action. Bran is taken as a basis in fixing the prices for mill feeds. The bulk price per ton for this feed in carload lots at the mill shall not exceed 35 per cent of the average cost of a ton of wheat at the mill. The cost of wheat shall be the average cost as shown by the mill's previous month's record, and shall include the one per cent administration fee paid by mills on all wheat ground.

Prices established for other wheat mill feeds are as follows: Shorts or standard middlings, \$2.00 per ton above bran. Mixed feeds, \$4.00 per ton above bran. Flour middlings, \$9.00 per ton above bran. Red Dog, \$15.00 per ton above bran. These percentages and prices are subject to change, but no revision will be made without 30 days' notice.

With the average price to the mill, \$2.08, the price of bran from the mill cannot be more than \$20.35 per ton. The above prices apply to bulk feeds. When sacked, the actual cost of the containers may be added to the selling price.

The following interpretation has been placed upon the general rules.

"The licensee in any sale of feeding stuffs shall take no more than a reasonable profit for such sale over the average cost of his stock of any commodity on hand or under control not at that time contracted to be sold. In arriving at the cost of corn and oats he shall take into consideration the gain or loss resulting from any actual hedging transaction on a grain exchange."

Miss Nina Bean went to Andover, Mass., Saturday. She is hoping fuel can be obtained so her school can close at its usual time in June.

Miss Anna Cummings has rented Arthur Andrews' house where she and her brother, Dexter Cummings, expect to live this winter.

Miss Teague from Portland is visiting her brothers, Arthur and Forest Churchill.

Albert Keniston has gone to Melburne to work in the woods for Chas. Hubbard.

The Circle was entertained by Miss Annie Wardwell, Myrtle Becker, Edith Cummings and Jennie Bean. The tables looked very attractive with their generous dishes of baked beans, brown bread and salads, apple and pumpkin pies, doughnuts, which can be made to look and taste delicious without sugar. Although we had almost forgotten it until we felt the need of our grand-mother's receipts. A pleasant evening was spent with friends and neighbors. The following program was given:

Piano Solo, encore, Myrtle Becker

Reading, encore, Jennie Bean

Vocal Solo, encore, Mrs. P. H. Wardwell

Christmas Story, Nina Bean

Vocal Solo, encore, Edna Bean

Recitation, Vocal Solo, encore, Annie Wardwell

Duet, Mrs. Arthur Churchill, Mrs. Jennie Teague.

ALBANY

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Reading, encore, Jennie Bean

Vocal Solo, encore, Mrs. P. H. Wardwell

Christmas Story, Nina Bean

Vocal Solo, encore, Edna Bean

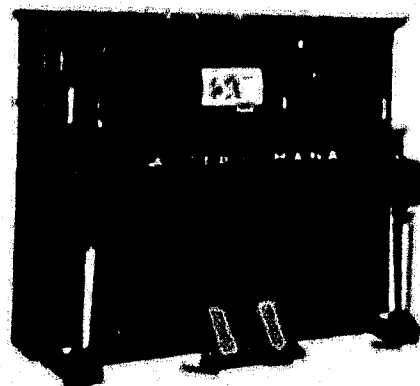
Recitation, Vocal Solo, encore, Annie Wardwell

Duet, Mrs. Arthur Churchill, Mrs. Jennie Teague.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Paste, the antiseptic powder for painful, smarting, tender, nervous feet. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the American, French and British troops at the front. Sold Everywhere. 110-44

Buy It Now



When you are convinced that a certain investment will pay you certain, large dividends, and the opportunity is presented for you to make that investment Now—Why wait?

The Playerpianos will certainly prove a good investment for you and for your family; it will certainly pay you large dividends of pleasure, of satisfaction, of enjoyment and of good cheer all the rest of your life. Why wait?

The Playerpiano itself is so handsome, is such good value, the tone is so full and sweet, that taken all in all it is the opportunity of your lifetime to get all you want in music, just as you want it.

Come in and see the instrument. Test it any way you choose. Have your musical friends try it for tone, for touch, for shading, and then see how all the world of music unfolds before you as the Playerpiano as a player opens avenues of expression, of technique, that you have longed for but never hoped to enjoy. Don't wait. Come in Now.

Pianos Playerpianos Organs

New Music Rolls every month for the Playerpianos.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.

South Paris

Maine

Put some of your earnings into the U. S. Treasury interest-bearing stamps

(paying 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly) the best security in the world.

Help win the War Ask your Postmaster

FRED E. WHEELER

GROCERIES

Change W

at times your regular w...
sky irregular, too heat...
Tm: Headaches, loss...
To prevent these tre...
you will find remarka...
renewly, the old-fashio...
60 years' sale. Your dr...
one who sells the L...
For more reasons the...
Medicine is handy

RUMFORD

Miss Bernice McDonald of Portland is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Parker of Penobscot street.

Each employee of the International Paper Company received as a New Year's gift from the company, a war thrift stamp.

Miss Judith Bellevue is working in the Oxford office.

Royal Parker, formerly sub-master at the High school has enlisted, and is in the quartermaster's department at Jacksonville, Florida, where H. J. Howland, formerly manager of the E. K. Day Company store is also stationed.

Oliver A. Pettengill has been appointed explosive licensing agent for this part of Oxford County. This is a Federal office under the control of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines. His appointment comes under the act of October 6th.

A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce is to be held soon to see if some arrangement cannot be made for a uniform closing day each week for the various local stores.

Mrs. Oliver A. Pettengill, partner of the Pettengill and Pettengill millinery concern, has gone to New York to work at an imported wholesale millinery place for the remainder of the winter months, in order to get spring ideas.

Diamond, the white bull dog of the Rumford Fire Department, who has been a companion of the fire boys for many years past, is dead. The dog was always on the job the moment he heard the fire alarm, and will be greatly missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mitchell, formerly Miss Alice Nadeau (Bangor) are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Clan Chisholm will hold its annual Burns Anniversary Concert and Ball in Municipal Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 21. The talent secured for the concert is the Royal Scottish Quartet of New York City, Theodore Martin, tenor; Miss Florence Mulholland, contralto; Miss Edith Hallett Frank, soprano; Emerson Williams, baritone; the McLaughlin Sisters of Boston, champion Highland dancers, and Miss Janet Currie of Lewiston, Highland Pipers. Walter Rolfe will be the accompanist. The Ha Ma Bo Orchestra will furnish music for the dancing. The committee on arrangements is as follows: James Law, R. M. Wilburt, C. H. McKenzie, Jr., A. Murdoch, M. Miles, J. McMaster, A. Law.

Charles Ballades, one of the proprietors of the Rumford Candy Kitchen, has gone to New York City to attend a meeting of the candy manufacturers of the country, to discuss the sugar shortage.

A party held recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mixer of Knox street, the engagement of Miss Alice Mixer to Harold Bonillard of Boston was announced. Mr. Bonillard is a new recruit at Camp Devens, and is a brother of Mrs. H. L. Hanson, formerly of Rumford. He is one of the promising lawyers of Boston. No date has been set, as yet, for the wedding.

Miss Albertine Boulanger of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Bertha Lancelson has been suffering with tonsillitis.

Miss Florence McDowell, bookkeeper for the P. W. Woolworth Company, is confined to her home by illness.

The clerks of the local stores are organizing a clerk's union which will be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Miss Ruby Berry is caring for her mother, Mrs. Edith Bean of Mexico, who is recovering from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Casey of Boston street are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Mr. John Webber is quite ill with pneumonia.

Miss Louise McMennamin, daughter of Postmaster and Mrs. George McMennamin of Knox street, took the white veil at St. Joseph's Convent in Portland last week. Miss McMennamin will be known religiously as Sister Mary Rose.

The proceeds from the Red Cross New Year's Ball amounted to over \$300.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fitzmorris are rejoicing over the birth of a son.

Miss Alma Sullivan, private secretary to Hugh J. Chisholm of New York City, is spending some time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sullivan, of Stratglass Park.

Theodore Spear of New York City is a guest at the home of James Haras of Prospect avenue.

Miss Orla Peltier of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Myrtle Beckler, Jennie Bean, Nina Bean, Edna Bean, Annie Wardwell, and Mrs. Jen-

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TELLS ON THE KIDNEYS

Bethel People Have Found This To Be True

The strain of overwork tells on weakened kidneys. The hurry and worry of business men, the heavy lifting and stooping of workmen, the women's household cares, tend to wear, weaken and injure the kidneys until they can no longer filter the poison from the blood and the whole body suffers from the waste matter that accumulates. Weakened kidneys need quick assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills are prepared especially for weakened kidneys; tired, worn-out backs have proven their merit in thousands of such cases. Convincing proof of their worth in a Bethel citizen's statement.

S. J. Morse, retired farmer, Mechanic St., says: "I had been suffering off and on from a dull, heavy ache across my kidneys. This trouble came on when I was at work and I finally got so I couldn't do much. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and I couldn't wish for anything better for they gave me almost instant relief from the backache. I keep Doan's on hand now, getting them at Bosserman's Drug Store and they always help me when my back pains."

Get at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mass., and formerly of this town, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Violet of Virginia street, Virginia District.

Bert Dorion of Rumford has received news of the death, while in action in France, of his brother, Cornelius. Mr. Dorion left Rumford two years ago and went to Canada, where he enlisted in the army and was a member of the first contingent that went to France. He was nineteen years of age.

Mrs. C. E. Britton of Rumford avenue is at the McCarthy Hospital.

The Oxford mill has shut down its sulphate department for a time, owing to the uncertainty of obtaining coal, and also due to the fact that they have sufficient amount of sulphate pulp on hand. This throws quite a number of men out of work, although places in other departments will be found for a few.

As a result of the recent war bazaar held by Rumford Lodge of Moose, \$400 was cleared, and the 10 per cent which was to be given to Company B, and to the Moose war ambulance fund, has been duly called across from New York by the committee from the Moose.

The members of the Sunday school class of the Baptist church taught by Mrs. J. J. McKee, have secured nearly little class plus of blue enamel and silver, with the name of the class, the "Wide Awake" lettered on a scroll across the center.

Mrs. Clara Withington, mother of Mrs. Austin T. Hyde, left this week for Rowley, Mass., to take a position in the well known community house conducted by Mrs. Penno of Boston and Rowley, whose philanthropic enterprises are widely known. Mrs. Withington is to have charge of one branch of charity work, it being a part of the plan of the house to enable Rowley people to engage in the sewing, etc., done for Mrs. Penno, who later distributes these articles in various parts of the country among the needy. One afternoon each week is also devoted to surgical dressings in the community house, and vocational classes are conducted. Mrs. Withington is particularly adapted to this work by reason of her executive ability.

The wood situation has been relieved by steady arrivals of fuel the past week from the nearby farmers. It is bringing \$13 and \$14 per cord, and coal is promised for this week, it is understood. Last week Thursday was the coldest morning of the week with 40 degrees below registered for the first time in the history of the town, so far as is known, this being reported from Rumford Point and also from Worthley Mills on the Swift River.

Miss Alice Hopkins returned to her school at Island Falls, Monday.

Mrs. Kate Blanchard and Mrs. Jane Kimball are in Portland for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Ethel Muse has gone to North Andover Surplus to teach school.

Mrs. Bertha Noble has gone to St. Petersburg, Fla., to spend the winter.

Mr. Frank Martin, who has been quite ill, is able to be out.

J. H. and P. B. Martin have bought a Holstein bull of Fred Whitman of North Woodstock.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

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ANDOVER

The No. 4 school reopened Monday. Harriet Saunders from Deer Isle, who is teaching the grammar school, boards at Charles Andrews'.

Leater Thurston and Montgomery Poor have returned to their school at Orono.

Mrs. Edward Pratt, Sr., who was operated on Friday last at Dr. McCarthy's Hospital at Rumford, is improving.

Mrs. Irving Hodsdon, who has been very ill for some time, is gaining slowly.

Y. A. Thurston was at Frye last week.

Miss Francis Bartlett, who spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett, returned last week to her work at McCarthy's Hospital, Rumford.

On account of the bad storm Saturday Lono M. Grange did not hold its regular meeting.

Mrs. Dana Noble has been quite ill. Alanson Tyler from Bethel is working in the pool mill.

The Young People's Whist Club met Thursday evening of last week in the Hook and Ladder Hall. There were twenty-four members present. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Charles Learned and James Newton. The second by Harry Thomas and Mary Howey. Refreshments were served.

Ruth Bailey is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church met Wednesday p. m., Jan. 2, and elected the following officers for 1918: President, Mrs. J. N. Atwood; vice president, Mrs. Fred Smith; secretary, Mrs. Owen Lovejoy; treasurer, Alice Andrews.

Frank Akers is still quite ill. Edward Abbott has a crew of men cutting birch for the pool mill.

Frank Field, who has been working in the mill at Bemis, returned home Sunday.

Calvin Lodge, K. of P., held its election of officers last Friday evening. Bedford Corey from Rangely is scaling lumber in town.

John Howey is cutting wood on B. L. Akers' land at No. 4.

The school at Andover Surplus will reopen soon. A teacher from Rumford has been engaged.

On account of the bad travelling there was only one stage Saturday.

The King's Daughters elected the following officers for 1918 at their meeting last week: President, Mrs. C. A. Band; secretary, Mrs. P. E. Leslie; treasurer, Mrs. Y. A. Thurston. The next meeting will be held Thursday, Feb. 7, at the home of Mrs. Wm. Mitchell.

Mrs. Gladys Baulter from Rangely is visiting her father, Edward Pratt.

Roscoe Littlehale is handling birch for Joseph Morton to the pool mill.

Charles Morgan from Roxbury has moved his family into Guy Akers' house and will work in the pool mill.

George Thomas, who has been ill at the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Portland is visiting relatives in Vermont and New Hampshire.

Oscar Hohart of Auburn was in town Tuesday.

CHURCH CHOPPING CLUBS

The State Fuel Administration heard of an instance of wood cutting the other day that is probably not true. At any rate they have not been able to locate it. But more than one red blooded pastor of a village church, and some city churches, might make it true.

According to the story a pastor was outlining the fuel situation with a parishioner who owned a wood lot. They talked of the fuel shortage this year and how it would probably be worse next.

The pastor told his parishioner that it was his patriotic duty to cut all the wood he could this fall so as to be prepared for next winter. The parishioner sought to turn the tables and offered the pastor stumpage if he would cut ten cords. Like a true sport the pastor cut the wood. And not content with that arranged for more stumpage and led his bible class out as a wood cutting club.

One can picture the opportunity for bible instruction thus afforded. As for instance the story of Elihu when his young men went on a chopping bee with him. "Let us go, we pray thee, unto the Jordan, and take thence every man a beam." "So he went with them and when they came to the Jordan they cut down wood. But as one man was felling a beam the axehead fell into the water; and he cried, and said, Alas, my pastor! For it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick and cast it in thicker and made the iron swim."

Will the pastor who first gets up a CHURCH CHOPPING CLUB write the chairman of the Fuel Wood Committee at Orono?

Or will some live Y. M. C. A. secretary beat the pastor in this stunt?

THE COST OF A CORD OF WOOD

Only a very few years ago well cut stumpage of excellent hard wood was worth about a dollar a cord. It cost a dollar a cord to chop, split and pile. Such wood sold in Maine villages

for about \$2 a cord. Soft maple, grey birch and similar fuel woods sold for a dollar less a cord. Pulp manufacturers were using only spruce and poplar, and were paying moderate prices.

With the increased demand for paper and its marked advance in price the pulp manufacturers are accepting limited quantities of other varieties and have more than doubled the price paid for pulp stock. The increase in wage has more than doubled the cartage cost. And all of this has reacted on stumpage so that standing heavy hard wood within "two turns a day of town" is held at about \$2 a cord.

With \$2 stumpage, \$6 a day team and driver cost, and \$2.50 to \$3.50 cost for chopping and splitting, green wood that sold for \$5 will now cost in the village or on the farm from \$7.50 to \$8.50 a cord. One can not hope to get high grade fuel wood in villages for much less than \$8 a cord. Nor should the price be much above \$8. Where shipments by rail are involved the cost will be increased by \$1 or \$1.5 a cord. The less desirable soft maple and grey birch should be had for \$1 or \$1.5 a cord less. Their stumpage has less value and they are prepared for market with less labor.

CUT A CORD. A cord of wood is the fuel equivalent of a ton of coal. Its use leaves for war essentials the labor of mining and transporting the coal, and keeps within the State the money the coal would cost.

WEST PARIS

Rupert T. Berry, who is in the United States Navy, arrived home Sunday for a short stay.

Mrs. Daniel C. Churchill is very ill. She took a heavy cold Sunday night and Monday symptoms of pneumonia developed and she suffered a paralytic shock.

Mrs. Fred E. Wheeler will close her house for the winter and Wednesday, Jan. 16, will start for Chattanooga, Tenn., to board in the Y. M. C. A. building that she may be near the doctor who is stationed in Georgia. His address is First Lieut. F. E. Wheeler, M. R. C., Company 10, Battalion 3, Camp Greely, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Mrs. Wheeler has passed her examination for a Red Cross nurse but will delay a little before accepting work.

The Red Cross have recently sent to headquarters 33 sweaters, 66 pairs service socks, 29 pairs wristlets with thumbholes, 9 wash cloths, 2 helmets.

The drama, "Petrol, the Storm Child," is under rehearsal for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Mrs. H. H. Wardwell and family returned from Buckfield, Monday, where she has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Irish. Dorothy Wardwell has spent three weeks with her grandparents.

School did not reopen Monday as planned on account of the coal shortage. It is expected they will commence next Monday.

Mrs. George I. Burnham of South Paris and Mrs. P. L. Wynnan were guests of Mrs. Ellen A. Willis, Tuesday.

Mrs. Beatrice Smith has recently received a letter from her cousin, Oliver L. Smith, who is in the British Army somewhere in France, saying that he had eaten his third Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners in the trenches. His letter was cheerful but full of the rough side of army life. Said he was watching nights in a ruined town where they were not allowed to even light matches.

Miss Winifred Willis of Boston has been a guest at Mrs. Frank L. Willis and Mrs. Ellen A. Willis'.

Rev. H. A. Markley will preach at the Universalist church every other Sunday during the winter. On Sunday, Jan. 20, a service day will be unfurled with appropriate services by Mr. Markley. The flag is a gift of Mrs. P. E. Wheeler and the standard was given by L. C. Bates.

Perhaps the most fortunate hunter of West Paris this season was C. H. Barker who shot a fine deer last day and hour that the law allowed.

Miss Zella Pierce went to Framingham, Mass., Saturday.

Mrs. L. H. Fealy and Donald have been spending several days in Portland.

Guard Children Against Worms

Pine worms and stomach worms are some of the most dreaded diseases of children.

Signs of worms are: De-ranged stomach, swollen belly, sour stomach, offensive breath, hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel, pale face of the child, tired, eyes heavy and dull, twitching eyelids, itching of the nose, itching of the rectum, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, little red points sticking out on tongue, starting during sleep, slow fever.

Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller, will surely and quickly expel worms, correct upset stomach and constipation. Adults are also benefited and write us letters like this: "Dr. True's Elixir has done me a world of good. John Glass, Houston, Texas." At all dealers. 40c, 60c and \$1.00. Write us.

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SCHOOL NOTES

Continued from page 1.

nation, and landed in Bethel, beginning work officially September 1,—and not having stopped since.

While writing this much, I beg to add a bit more. There was no superintendent here in August. I could not get permanent rooms for myself until September 17. I was so late in getting started, there was so much time required in getting my work organized, the year has been so abnormal in matters of conveyance, fuel, supplies, and even weather, and office conveniences have been so inconvenient, that I have not been able to work in a manner that might normally be expected, and I beg this 'be kept in mind' in criticizing my work; I shall be lucky to wiggle along in almost any fashion until after the town meeting; after that, there will be a chance to start anew, but I can't do in 5 months the work that demands 8 or 10. There is an opportunity to do a splendid piece of work in the schools here during the next couple of years, but it won't go well with misunderstandings, dissatisfactions and suspensions. There is nothing about which I cannot be perfectly frank. If there is anyone who has a question, suggestion, or complaint about anything relative to myself personally, or the way I am working, or as to the school, I hope such person will not hesitate to speak to me about it. Any teacher will tell you that, from the beginning, I have given her the opportunity,—indeed, solicited its being taken,—to suggest to me ways and means of improving the schools; I have not been able to take care of what has been returned to me. I am desirous of having the same attitude to patrons of the schools and other residents of the town, for the schools, the children and the taxes are theirs, but, being more than busy as it is, I have not attempted to go further with projects that I see can be undertaken until I can handle what I already have in hand to do.

100

A black and white photograph showing a dark, silhouetted line of trees and a small building against a light sky. The foreground is dark and indistinct.

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

Ethel Hueston
AUTHOR OF PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens in the house of the Rev. Mr. Starr, where Prudence, the oldest daughter, and her twin sister, Lark, are waiting for the arrival of their Aunt Grace, who is the mother of the smaller members of the family and is expected to spend the winter with them.

CHAPTER II.—Carol and Lark secure a copy of "Science and Faith," and the peace of the quiet Methodist household is upset for a time.

CHAPTER III.—Carol's attack of measles disrupts plans for the wedding of Prudence to Jerry Harmon, but her recovery allows the ceremony to proceed, and Prudence leaves the household.

"Come in, boys," she said cordially. "The girls will be down in a minute."

The appearance of a guardian angel summoning them to paradise could not have confounded them more utterly. They stumbled all over one another in trying to back away from her. She laughed softly.

"Don't be bashful. We enjoyed it very much. Yes, come right in."

Undoubtedly they would have declined if only they could have thought of the proper method of doing so. As it was, they only succeeded in shuffling through the parsonage door, instinctively concealing their half-smoked cigarettes beneath their fingers.

Aunt Grace ushered them into the pleasant living room, and ran up to summon her nieces.

Left alone, the boys looked at one another with amazement and with grief, and the leader, the touching tenor, said with true musical fervor, "Well, this is a go!"

In the meantime, the girls, with horror, had heard their aunt's invitation. What in the world did she mean? Was it a trick because of her and Fairy? Had they hired the awful Slaughterers to bring this disgrace upon the parsonage? Sternly they faced her when she opened their door.

"Come down, girls—I invited them in. I'm going to make lemonade and serve my nice chocolates. Hurry down."

"You invited them in!" echoed Connie.

"The Slaughter-house quartette," hissed Lark.

Then Aunt Grace whirled about and stared at them. "Mercy," she whispered, remembering for the first time Fairy's work. "Mercy! Is it—that? I thought it was high school boys and—mercy!"

"Mercy is good!" said Carol grimly.

"You'll have to put them out," suggested Connie.

"I can't! How can I?—How did I know?—what on earth—Oh, Carol! whatever made you smile at them?" she wailed helplessly. "You know how men are when they are smiled at! The blip—"

"You'll have to get them out before the bishop comes back," said Carol. "You must. And if any of you give this away to father or Fairy I'll—"

"You'd better go down a minute, girls," urged their aunt. "That will be the easiest way. I'll just pass the candy and invite them to come again and then they'll go. Hurry now, and we'll get rid of them before the others come. Be as decent as you can, and I'll soon be over."

Thus adjured, with the dignity of the bishop and the laughter of Fairy ever in their thoughts, the girls arose and went down, proudly, calmly, loftily. Their inborn sense of humor came to their assistance when they entered the living room. The Slaughter boys looked far more slaughtered than they really were. They sat limply in their chairs, nervously twitching their yellowed shiny fingers, their dull eyes intent upon the worn spots in the carpet.

It was funny! Even Carol smiled, not the serene sweet smile that melted hearts, but the grim hard smile of the joker when the fables are turned! She flattered herself that this wretched travesty on parsonage courtesy would be ended before there were any further witnesses to her downfall from her proud sine heights, but she was doomed to disappointment. Fairy, on the Avery's porch, had heard the serene, and after the first shock, and after the helpless laughter that followed, she had her friends good night.

"Oh, I've just got to go," she said. "It's a joke on Carol. I wouldn't miss it for twenty-five bushels of apples—even as good as these are."

Her eyes twinkling with delight, she ran home and waited behind the rose bushes until the moment for her appearance seemed at hand. Then she stepped into the room where her outraged sisters were stoically passing precious and luscious chocolates to the becco-saturated youths.

"Good evening," she said. "Too Avery's and I enjoyed the concert, too. I do love to hear music outdoors on still nights like these. Carol, maybe your friends would like a drink. Are there any lemons, auntie? We might have a little lemonade."

While time, her father's twin sister, was nearly as bad as Fairy's own—and the bishop!

"I'd wish it would choke 'em if it wouldn't take so long," she muttered passionately, as she hurried in with the pitcher and glasses, ready to serve the "stuns" with her own chaste hands.

She was just serving the melting tenor when she heard her father's voice in the hall.

"Too late," she said aloud, and with such despair in her voice that Fairy retorted and mentally promised to "see her through."

Mr. Starr's eyes twinkled freely when he saw the guests in his home, and the gentle bishop's puzzled interest nearly sent them all off into laughter. Fairy had no idea of the young men's names, but she said, quickly, to spare Carol:

"We have been serenaded tonight, doctor—you just missed it. These are the Mount Mark troubadours. You are lucky to get here in time for the lemonade."

But when she saw the bishop glance concernedly from the yellow fingers to the dull eyes and the brown-streaked mouths, her gravity nearly forsook her. The Slaughterers, already dashed to the ground by embarrassment, were entirely routed by the presence of the bishop. With incoherent apologies, they rose to their untidy feet and in a cloud of breezy odors, made their escape.

Mr. Starr laughed a little, Aunt Grace put her arm protectively about Carol's rigid shoulders, and the bishop said, "Well, well, well," with gentle inquiry.

"We call them the Slaughter-house quartette," Fairy began cheerfully. "They are the lower strata of Mount Mark."

Mark, and they make the nights hideous with their choice selection of popular airs. The parsonage is divided about them. Some of us think we should treat them with proud and cold disdain. Some think we should regard them with a tender, gentle, smiling pity. And evidently they repudiated the smiles, for they gave us a serenade in return for them. Aunt Grace did not know their history, so she invited them in, thinking they were just ordinary schoolboys. It is home-mission work run amok."

The bishop nodded sympathetically. "One has to be so careful," he said. "They're extremely careful with characters like those. No doubt they meant well by their serenade, but—girls especially have to be very careful. I think as a rule it is safer to let men show the tender pity and women the fine disdain. I don't imagine they would come serenading your father and me! You carried it off beautifully, girls. I am sure your father was proud of you. I was myself. I'm glad you are Methodists. Not many girls so young could handle a difficult matter as neatly as you did."

"Yes," said Mr. Starr, but his eyes twinkled toward Carol once more: "yes, indeed, I think we are well cleared of a disagreeable business."

But Carol looked at Fairy with such humble, passionate gratitude that tears came to Fairy's eyes and she turned quickly away.

"Carol is a sweet girl," she thought. "I wonder if things will work out for her just right—to make her as happy as she ought to be. She's so—lovely."

CHAPTER V.

Substitution.

The twins came in at dinner-time wrapped in saucy silence. Lark's face was darkened by an anxious shadow, while Carol wore an expression of heroic determination.

"What's up?" Connie asked, when the rest of the family dismissed the matter with amused glances.

Lark sighed and looked at Carol, seeming to seek courage from the spare countenance.

Carol spoke:

"Well, go on," Connie urged. "Don't be silly. You know you're crazy to tell us about it, you only want to be teased."

Lark sighed again, and gazed appealingly at her stout-hearted twin. Carol never could resist the appeal of those pleading eyes.

Lark promised to speak a piece at the Sunday-school concert two weeks from tomorrow," she vowed, as unconcerned as possible.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Connie, with an astonishment that was not altogether complimentary.

"Careful, Larkie," cautioned Fairy. "You'll disgrace the parsonage if you don't watch out."

"Nonsense," declared their father. "Lark can speak as well as anybody! She just keeps a good grip on herself and doesn't get stage fright."

Aunt Grace smiled gently. "You are a little nervous, Lark," she said. "Lark can't speak any more than a rabbit, and—"

"I know it," was the humble admission.

"Don't be a goose, Con," interrupted Carol. "Of course Lark can speak a piece. She must learn it, learn it learn it, so she can rattle it off back words with her eyes shut. That's the whole secret. Of course she can speak!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Fairy.

"I don't know," Lark said sorrowfully. "Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, I assure you. The first thing I knew, Mrs. Curless was thanking me for my promise, and Carol was marching me off like grim death."

Carol smiled, relieved now that the family commentary was over. "It was very natural. Mrs. Curless begged her to do it, and Lark refused. That always happens, every time the Sunday school gives an entertainment. But Mrs. Curless went on to say how badly the Sunday school needs the money and how big a drawing card it would be for both of us twins to be on the program, one right after the other, and how well it would look for the parsonage, and it never occurred to me to warn Lark, for I never dreamed of her doing it."

"I thought it wouldn't hurt me to try it once," Lark volunteered in her own defense.

Aunt Grace nodded, with a smile of interested approval.

"I'm proud of you, Lark, quite proud of you," her father said warmly. "It's a big thing for you to make such a plunge—just fine."

"I'm proud of you now, too," Connie said darkly. "The question is, will we be proud of you after the concert?"

Lark sighed dolorously.

"Oh, pooh!" encouraged Carol. "Anybody can speak a little little old piece like that. And it will look so nice to have our names right together on the program. It'll bring out all the high school folks, sure."

"Yes, they'll come to hear Lark, all right," Fairy smiled. "But she'll make it go, of course. And it will give Carol a chance to show her cleverness by telling her how to do it."

So as supper was over, Carol said decidedly. "Now, Connie, you'll have to help me with the slides the next two weeks, for Lark's got to practice on that piece. Lark, you must read it over, very thoughtfully first, and read it and read it, a dozen times, a hundred times, over and over and over. And pretty soon you'll know it."

"I'll bet I don't," was the discouraging retort, as Lark, with pronounced distaste, took the slip of paper and sat down in the corner to read the "blooming thing," as she muttered crossly to herself.

Connie and Carol did up the dishes in dreadful silence, and then Carol returned to the charge. "How many times did you read it?"

"Fourteen and a half," was the patient answer. "It's a silly thing, Carol. There's no sense to it. The wind was drifting over the sea."

"Oh, that's not so bad," Carol said helpfully. "I've had pieces with worse lines than that. The imprint of a dainty foot, for instance. When you say, 'The wind was drifting over the sea,' you must kind of let your voice glide along, very rhythmically, very—"

"Windily," suggested Connie, who remained to witness the exhibition.

"You keep still, Connie! Stop! You can get out of here! It's no laughing matter! I can tell you, and you have to keep out or I won't help and then—"

"I'll keep still. But it ought to be windy, you know, since it's the wind. I meant it for a joke," she informed them. The twins had a very disheartening way of failing to recognize Connie's jokes—it took the life out of them.

"Now read it aloud, Lark, so I can see if you get the proper expression," Carol continued, when Connie was victoriously subdued.

Lark obediently but unhappily read the quaint poem aloud and Carol said it was very good. "You must read it aloud often, very often. That'll give you a better idea of the accent. Now get it away, and don't look at it again tonight. If you keep it up too long you'll get so dead sick of it you can't speak it at all."

By the evening of the Sunday school concert they were waiting for the sake of a hundred-dollar subscription to church repairs—Lark had mastered her recitation so perfectly that the minds of the parsonage were nearly at peace. She still felt a deep resentment toward the situation, but this was partially counter-balanced by the satisfaction of seeing her name in print, directly beneath Carol's on the program.

Recitation. Miss Carol Starr.

It looked very well indeed, and the whole family took a proper interest in it. No one save Carol's recitation.

second thought. She always recited, and did it easily and well. It was quite a commonplace occurrence for her.

On the night of the concert she superintended Lark's dressing with maternal care. "You look all right," she said, "just fine. Now don't get scared. Lark, it's so silly. Remember that you know all those people by heart; you can talk a blue streak to any of them. There's no use—"

"But I can't talk a blue streak to the whole household at once!" Lark protested. "It makes me have such a hollow feeling—to see so many white faces gazing up, and it's hot, and—"

"Stop that," came the stern command. "You don't want to get cold feet before you start. If you do accidentally forget once or twice, don't worry. I know the piece as well as you do, and I can prompt you from behind without anyone noticing it. But you must forget." She kissed her.

"You'll do fine, Larkie, just as fine as you look, and it couldn't be better than that."

Just then Connie ran in. "Fairy wants to know if you are getting stage fright, Lark? My, you do look nice. Now, for goodness sake, Lark, remember the parsonage, and don't make a fizzle of it."

"Who says fizzle?" demanded their father from the doorway. "Never saw you look so sweet. You have your hair fixed a new way, haven't you?"

"Carol did it," was the shy reply. "It does look nice, doesn't it? I'm not scared, father, not a bit—yet! But there's a hollow feeling—Have the boys come?"

"No, but they'll be here in a minute. Jim's late. I do get sore at Jim—It's forty times rather go with him than carry him—but he always puts off asking us until the last minute and then I have a date and you get him. I believe he does it on purpose. Come or don't."

And Grace looked at the pale sweet face with gratified delight, and kissed her warmly. Her father walked around her, nodding approval.

"Aunt Grace," he said solemnly, "it's a wretched business, having a parsonage full of daughters. Just as soon as you look, and don't make a bow."

Lark tried to rise. She could not. She could not see her father's clear, encouraging face for those queer flashes of light.

"You can," whispered Carol. "You can do anything, if you try. Prudence says so."

People were craning their necks, and peering curiously up to the second row where the twins sat side by side. The other performers nudged one another, smiling significantly.

"I can't," Lark whispered, "I'm sick."

Carol laughed bitterly. Evidently it was up to her. With a grim face, she rose from her chair and started out on the platform. The superintendent stared at her, his lips parting. The people stared at her too, and smiled, and then laughed. Panic-stricken, her eyes sought her father's face. He nodded quickly, and his eyes approved.

"Good!" his lips formed the word, and Carol did not falter again. The applause was nearly drowned with laughter as Carol advanced for her second recitation.

"The wind was drifting over the sea," she began—her voice drifting properly on the words—and so on to the end of the piece.

Most of the audience, knowing Lark's temperament, had concluded that fear prevented her appearance, and understood that Carol had come to her twin's rescue for the reputation of the parsonage. The applause was deafening as she went back. It grew louder as she sat down with a comforting little grin at Lark. Then as the clapping continued, something of her natural impishness entered her heart.

"Lark," she whispered, "go out and make a bow."

"Mercy!" gasped Lark. "I didn't do anything."

"It was supposed to be you—go on, Lark! Hurry! You've got to! Think what a joke it will be."

Lark hesitated, but Carol's dominance was compelling.

"Do as I tell you," came the peremptory order, and Lark arose from her chair, stepped out before the astonished audience and made a slow and graceful bow.

This time the applause ran riot, for people of less experience than those of Mount Mark could tell that the twins were playing games. As it continued, and together they stepped out once more, laughing and bowing right and left.

Lark was the last one in that night, for she and Jim celebrated their defeat with two ice cream sodas apiece at the corner drug store.

"I disgraced the parsonage," she said meekly, as she stepped into the family circle, waiting to receive her.

"Indeed you didn't," said Fairy. "It was too bad, but Carol passed it off nicely, and then, turning it into a joke that way took all the embarrassment out of it. It was perfectly all right, and we weren't a bit ashamed."

"And you did look awfully sweet when you made your bow," Connie said warmly—for when a member of the family was down, no one ventured a laugh, laughing-though they were.

Curious to say, the odd little freak of substitution only endeared the twins to the people of Mount Mark the more.

"My finger, you can't beat them bloomin' twins," said Harvey Reel, chuckling admiringly. And so one day agreed.

CHAPTER VI.

Making Matches.

Aunt Grace sat in a low rocker with a bit of embroidery in her hands. And Fairy sat at the table, a formidable array of books before her. Aunt Grace was gazing idly at her sewing basket, a soft smile on her lips. And Fairy was staring thoughtfully into the twilight, a soft glow in her eyes. Aunt Grace was thinking of the jolly parsonage family, and how pleasant it was to live with them. And Fairy was to live with them. And Fairy was thinking—ah, Fairy was twenty, and twenty-year-olds always stare into the twilight, with dreamy far-seeing eyes.

In upon this peaceful scene burst the twins, flushed, tempestuous, in spite of their seventeen years. Their hurry to speak had rendered them incapable of speech, so they stood in the doorway panting breathlessly for a moment, while Fairy and her aunt, withdrawn thus rudely from dreamland, looked at them interrogatively.

"Yes, I think so, too," began Fairy, and the twins endeavored to crush her with their lofty scorn. But it is not easy to express lofty scorn when one is red in the face, perspiring and short of breath. So the twins decided of necessity to overlook the offense just this once.

Finally, recovering their vocal powers simultaneously, they cried in unison:

"Duckie!"

"Duck! In the yard! Do you mean a live one? Where did it come from?" ejaculated their aunt.

"They mean Professor Duck of their freshman year," explained Fairy complacently. "It's nothing. The twins always make a fuss over him. They feel grateful to him for showing them through freshman science—that's all."

"That's all," gasped Carol. "Why, Fairy Starr, do you know he's employed by the Society of—a scientific research organization—or something—in New York city, and gets four thousand dollars a year and has prospects—all kinds of prospects!"

"Yes, I know it. You haven't seen him, auntie. He's tall, and has wrinkles around his eyes, and a dictatorial nose, and steel gray eyes. He calls the twins song-birds, and they're so flattered they adore him. He sends them candy for Christmas. You know that Duckie they rave so much about. It's the very man. Is he here?"

"He's in town," said Lark.

"Going to stay a week," added Carol. "And he said he wanted to have lots of good times with us, and so—why, of course it was very sudden, and we didn't have time to ask—"

"But parsonage doors are always open—"

"And I don't know how he ever wormed it out of us, but—one of us—"

"I can't remember which one!"

"Invited him to come for dinner tonight, and he's coming."

"Goodness," said Aunt Grace. "We are going to have potato soup and toast."

"I'll keep," said Carol. "Of course we're sorry to inconvenience you at this late hour, but Larkie and I will tell Connie what to do, so you won't have much bother. Let's see, now, we must think up a pretty fair meal. Four thousand a year—and prospects!"

Aunt Grace turned questioning eyes toward the older sister.

"All right," said Fairy, smiling. "It's evidently settled. Think up your menu, twins, and put Connie to work."

"Is he nice?" Aunt Grace queried.

"Yes, I think he is. He used to go with our college bunch some. I know him pretty well. He brought me home from things a time or two."

Carol leaned forward and looked at her handsome sister with sudden faintness. "He asked about you," she said, keen eyes on Fairy's. "He asked particularly about you."

"Did he? Thanks. Yes, he's not bad. He's pretty good in a crowd."

By the force of her magnetic gaze, Carol drew Lark out of the room, and the door closed behind them. A few minutes later they returned. There was about them an air of subdued excitement, suggestive of intrigue, that Fairy found disturbing.

"You needn't plan any nonsense, twins," she cautioned. "He's no bean of mine."

"Of course not," they answered her pleasantly. "We're too old for mischief. Seventeen, and sensible for our years! Say, Fairy, you'll be nice to Duckie, won't you? Can't you try to make it pleasant for him this week? He'll only be here a few days. Will you do that much for us?"

"Why, I would, twins, of course, to oblige you, but you know Gene's in town this week, and I've got to—"

"Oh, you leave Babbie-Gene. It means to us," said Carol airily. Fairy, being a junior in college, and Eugene Babler a student of pharmacy in Chicago, she felt obliged to restore him to his Christian name, shortened to Gene. But the twins refused to accede to this propriety, except when they particularly wished to placate Fairy.

"You leave Gene to us," repeated Carol. "We'll amuse him. He's coming tonight!"

"Yes, at seven-thirty."

"Let's call him up and invite him for dinner, too," suggested Lark. "And you'll do us a favor and be nice to Duckie, won't you? We'll keep Babbie-Gene out of the road. You please to Gene, Carol, and—"

(To Be Continued)

Teacher—"Well, Johnny, I don't believe you studied your geography lesson today."

Johnny—"No, mum, I heard my father say the map of the world was changing every day and I thought I would wait until things got settled." Mrs. Leona Hickman, Ray, O.

